

Wednesday, 13 Sept.; cloudy, showers, and cold. Read last night until 3 a.m. Still I could not sleep and went over to the Whippoorwill and ran the typewriter until 6 am. I went over to the main house and found Leroy Masser there. I felt badly, dressed quickly, but did not stop to shave. Leroy came to tell me that he and his sister would pick the grapes when it got dry enough, which he thought would be in a few hours. ~~They did not come~~. Then he did not go. To get rid of him I took him over to the Whippoorwill and showed him my souvenirs. He seemed very reluctant to leave. It was noon when I got the mail. In the afternoon I had a nice nap in the attic of the Whippoorwill.

Thursday, 14 Sept.; heavy fog and showers. Read the mail and did some typewriting. Also filed some correspondence. A gloomy day and wet.

~~After supper wife had a phone message from Frederick saying a telegram had been received from Otis at Gallup, New Mexico, to the effect that he was starving and wanted me to send him ten dollars. Wife and I got ready at once and drove through a dense fog to the telegraph office where I wired ten dollars, which cost \$11.90, and added "Try to get through on this. All well." I was provoked both at the request for the money, which we could ill spare, and having to drive over a narrow road in the night through a dense fog. I have great difficulty in seeing at night and it is a severe strain on my eyes.~~

Friday, 15 Sept.; rain, fog, and wind. Finished reading "Anthony Adverse" last night. I know of no other book so long that sustains interest so well. Weather disagreeable all day. Built fires in both houses. Took wife to town in the afternoon for supplies. On the way down I stopped at Winworth to see if mother or sister wanted anything. On the way back I stopped to see Lewis. He was

Wednesday, 13 Sept.: cloudy, showers, and cold. I went out
 night until 1 a.m. Still I could not sleep and went over to the
 typewriter and ran the typewriter until 6 a.m. I went over to
 the main house and found Harry Messer there. I felt badly, distressed
 quietly, but did not stop to shave. Harry came to tell me that he
 and his sister would visit the graves when it got dry enough, and
 he thought would be in a few hours. They said not to worry. They said
 not to. To get rid of him I took him over to the typewriter and
 showed him my novena. He seemed very reluctant to leave. It
 was noon when I got the mail. In the afternoon I had a nice row
 in the attic of the typewriter.

Thursday, 14 Sept.: heavy fog and showers. I went out
 and did some typewriting. Also filed some correspondence. A rainy
 day and wet.

After supper wife had a phone message from Frederick saying
 a telegram had been received from Otis at Galien, Pa. saying, "I
 the effect that he was starving and wanted me to send him ten dollars
 late, wife and I got ready at once and drove through a heavy fog
 to the telegraph office where I wired ten dollars, which cost
 \$11.00, and added "try to get through on this. All well." I was
 provoked both by the request for the money, which we could ill afford,
 and having to drive over a narrow road in the night through a dense
 fog. I have great difficulty in seeing at night and it is a severe
 strain on my eyes.

Friday, 15 Sept.: rain, fog, and wind. Finished reading
 "Anthony Adverse" last night. I know of no other book so long that
 contains interest as well. Weather disagreeable all day. Left for
 in both houses. Took wife to town in the afternoon for supplies.
 On the way down I stopped at Winworth to see a mother of sister
 wanted anything. On the way back I stopped to see Kania. He was

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4802

hopeful that he would be out in a week or ten days. Had a letter from the bank and my objection to signing a demand note. Began to think of applying to the insurance company.

Saturday, 16 Sept.; rain, fog, wind, and cold. In the morning I took ~~4~~ twenty buckets of water out of the cellar and made fires. Before noon I drove down to Winworth. Sister said that Billie would dig peony roots Monday and ~~will~~ begin plowing as soon as ^{the ground was} ~~it is~~ dry enough. Returned and read the mail and did some writing.

~~(Gilson, V.P. of bank, 16 Sept., brown folder) omit~~

(Lubin, same. ✓)

16 September 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubjn:

"Thank you for your letter of the 11th with lists of agricultural 'savants,' which to me is very interesting and contains some surprises. Perhaps you may be interested in the following comments:

"List A.

"(1) Theobold Smith. Unfortunately I cannot remember having met or heard of him. Perhaps he achieved distinction while I was away from the United States or since my retirement. This name is not in 'Rus' (1925), or in the list of research workers in the U.S. Department of Agriculture and State Colleges of Agriculture and Experiment Stations (1930).

"(3) C.B.Lipman. I know of his work on soils and plant nutrition only through references to his publications. I confess I had ⁿ him confused with Prof. Jacob G. Lipman, Deaⁿ and Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N.J., who also is a soil chemist and bacteriologist, whom I have known many years and who was a delegate to the General Assembly of the Institute in 1926 or 1928.

"Both of these gentlemen are specialists and my thought was that any one to be included in a list of 'agricultural savants' limited to five should have knowledge of pretty much the whole broad field of agriculture rather than be distinguished in one or a few of the many specialties that apply to it. We have few if any savants, but a multitude of specialists.

"(4) L.J.Cole. Dr.Cole is distinguished among the leading biologists in the genetics of animal breeding, but allowing full credit for his broad experience, teaching, and travel, I would still regard him simply as an outstanding specialist--perhaps because I

am not personally acquainted with him.

"(5) C.F.Marbut. Him I have known for many years and have the highest regard for him as a man, a scientist, and a leading specialist on soils and their relation to agricultural production. I thought of him seriously in connection with my list, but left his name out because, in spite of his broad experience in soil science ^{the} ~~and~~ fundamental pioneer work seems to have been done by men no longer living, or not living in the United States. However, he ranks high, far above some of the other names mentioned in the lists.

"List B.(evidently made up by an economist).

"(1) E.G.Nourse. Excellent. I thought of him in connection with Warren. My thought was, assuming that both are equal in technical knowledge, Warren should outrank Nourse because (a) he is more practical, (b) he is more widely known to the economists and statisticians of the world--or was a few years ago, and (c) he has humor and common sense to an unusual degree--both rare gifts.

"(3) O.C.Stine. Impossible. I knew him very well from about 1920 to 1930, inclusive. He was an employe of the old Office of Farm Management under Dr.H.C.Taylor, chief, engaged in collecting agricultural history data. Dr.Taylor liked him. When the Bureau of Agricultural Economics was formed by the merger of three other bureaus, with Dr.Taylor as chief and myself as associate chief, Dr.Taylor put Stine in charge of a former division of my old Bureau of Crop Estimates that dealt with foreign statistics. There was trouble from the start and on looking into the situation and hearing all sides it was clear to me that either from lack of understanding or the wrong kind of experience he was unfit for an administrative position, but was acknowledged to be a good research worker,i.e., a good student and a hard worker. It is not necessary to go into details, but Dr.Taylor

had to acknowledge that my appraisal was correct and he was relieved of administrative duties and he and a few clerical assistants were confined to analyzing foreign statistics. In this he has made good, as was to be expected, but merely as an office student. His reputation has come from attaching his name to Year-book tabulations prepared by others, and as an official of the Agricultural History Society and the Agricultural Economics Association. But a leading agriculturist, no. There are hundreds if not thousands of technicians in this country who are his superiors in about every factor one can think of. I doubt if he knows the difference between a cotton and an okra plant, sugar cane or sorghum, and would probably be astonished at the sight of a papaya plant or a coconut palm. I doubt if he has ever seen the agriculture of the Great Plains or of the Pacific Coast. Compared with Marbut, Lipman, Nourse, and others he is still in the kindergarten class, except in his specialty, which is in certain phases of agricultural history in the U.S. and certain statistics of foreign production. A valuable man, but not a leader in scientific agriculture, and he would be among the first to deny the allegation or imputation of being an agricultural savant.

"(4) M. Ezekiel. Impossible, so far as your list is concerned. He is not an agriculturist in any sense. He is primarily a mathematician who delights in logarithmic double curvilinear correlations to prove the perfectly obvious, and he got his reputation among his fellow workers in my bureau because his methods were mysterious and his results interesting, but mainly because most people are shy of higher mathematics. He is a hard worker, a very useful employe, yes, but not a leader in any sense of the term. In his class are Prof. Moore of Columbia and Mr. Kincer of the Weather Bureau, all of whom can demonstrate in higher mathematics that if the supply of cotton

is below normal the price will rise, and if there is a burdensome surplus the price will fall.

"(5) J.D.Black. A strong aggressive man of the Hobson type, economist by profession, rather successful, and reputation founded on economic researches, teaching, and books he has written. Not in any sense an agricultural leader.

"Rather severe! Founded on numerous incidental contacts, the first discreditable to any man who sports the title of economist. It goes back to the days when he was connected with the University of Minnesota. At that time he also claimed to be something of a statistician. About that time I was conducting a campaign to bring about cooperation between state boards of agriculture and my bureau in crop estimating, to combine resources and do away with useless duplication of work and expense and conflicting and confusing crop reports. Ultimately this campaign was 100% successful, but for a time Black was a stubborn obstacle in Minnesota. The State legislature provided funds for a State agricultural census. Diplomatically I proffered the cooperation of my bureau, because we were interested. The proffer was not even acknowledged. I instructed first the state field agent to call on Mr.Black, and then the chief of our field service, and lastly Mr.W.F.Callander, our trump at that time, now and ~~for~~ for many years chief of the crop estimating division, to see him. They reported that Black had insulted them and that cooperation was not a word in his vocabulary. Bueno. When the printed report of the Minnesota farm census came to my desk I turned it over to an operator of an adding machine with instructions to give me the page and county totals. Well,all I will say is that most of the printed totals were wrong ~~nd~~ and it was an inexcusably bad job. So when I think of John D. Black I cannot forget that experience. Now that was in his own special field where he shines; I do not know that he shines

in any other field of agriculture.

"Column C.

"(2) E.M.Hart. Again I regret my ignorance. I cannot recall meeting or hearing of Mr.Hart--which shows, perhaps, how out of touch with the agricultural world I have been in recent years. His name is not in 'Rus' for 1925, nor in the lists of leaders and employes of the U.S.Department of Agriculture or the State Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations for 1930, the latest editions available to me.

"(3) J.G.Lipman. This is the agricultural leader whom I at first confused with Dr.C.B.Lipman, No.3 of List A, both soil and plant nutrition specialists.

"Column D. (my own list).

"(4) J. R. Mohler. Frankly I nominated him for the reasons stated, but with mental reservations. I know him well and respect him. There are many other men distinguished in agricultural science whom I regard as his superior in many respects, but he is outstanding in the field of animal industry and I think he should rank Dean Curtiss of Iowa and Dean Russell of Wisconsin, both eminent in the same field, and because I think animal industry should be represented.

"To me the term 'agriculture' in a broad sense means the growing of plant and animal crops, i.e., plant industry and animal industry, and their harvesting for the use of man. In a still broader sense it includes all the factors of plant and animal production, especially soils and climate; and all the arts and sciences in their application to those primary industries. A knowledge of these industries, arts and sciences, we lump under the words 'agricultural science.' Time was when agriculture was relatively simple. That time passed when the arts and sciences were enlisted to increase, maintain,

or preserve, or utilize the products of agriculture. That change, as in all progressive fields of human knowledge, has resulted in many divisions and subdivisions, or specialties. No man can hope to know them all. Most leaders or men who achieve any outstanding distinction in agricultural science do so either by becoming preeminent in a ~~in~~ single specialty, or through a fortunate combination of circumstances. Specializing on any subject, or branch of a subject, is narrowing because it means concentration on that subject to the exclusion of other subjects; at the same time most specialists in agriculture learn something of other specialties and branches because of the interlocking and overlapping of all the arts and sciences that are involved.

"With the foregoing lurking in the background of my mind when I read the question you posed, I first hesitated over each word in the formula, because each is subject to various interpretations, and then asked myself, unconsciously perhaps, who, now living in the United States, is the preeminent leader in

- (1) General knowledge of agriculture in all its branches
and specialties--the savant.
- (2) Plant industry.
- (3) Animal industry.
- (4) Soils.
- (5) Meteorology--weather.

"Then I encountered difficulty. I readily settled on the first three. The last two are specialties, and there are many other ^{not} specialties that could/be considered because of the limitation of five names. So I left out Dr. Marbut, for reasons already stated. Dr. Marvin of the Weather Bureau has an international reputation as a meteorologist and a specialist in instruments of exact measurement, but his knowledge of agriculture proper is not profound, so I ruled him out; as I did Mr. Brown, a private long range weather forecaster, who had

assured me that there has been no substantial progress in meteorology in the last forty years. Then I put in the name of Dr. Howard, primarily because of the man, one of the nearest approaches to a savant we have in this country, and because of his outstanding achievements in entomology, which is such a tremendous factor in both plant and animal industry. Next, in lieu of other specialists, I put in the name of an economist, not because he is an agricultural savant, but because he is a recognized authority in agricultural economics, which last rivals in importance agricultural production.

"The foregoing simply indicates the wide ground for divergence of opinion.

"Suggestion: Of all the men I have met in this or other countries, Dr. W.A. Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U.S. Department of Agriculture, has the ripest judgment and widest acquaintance of leaders in scientific agriculture. He comes nearest to knowing more men who have distinguished themselves in scientific agriculture than any other, he is philosophical and unbiased, and his judgment would be acceptable to more agricultural scientists than that of any other man. I would have named him as the outstanding leader of plant industry, but Dr. B.T. Galloway is still living although retired, and Dr. Woods is still in active service. If you could get an expression of opinion from Dr. Taylor, it would probably be worth more than that of any other, myself included.

Director

"Also, you would get an interesting reply from Dr. Carl Alsberg, / Food Research Foundation, Palo Alto, California. He succeeded Dr. Wiley as head of our U.S. Bureau of Chemistry and is an extremely able and brilliant man with a broad knowledge of agriculture and a wide acquaintance among agricultural research workers, and he would be a strong candidate for consideration as a savant were it not for the limitations of his specialty--chemistry in relation to food.

"I must call a halt and apologize for the length of this and my former letter, both provoked by that interesting question you plumped at me. You don't have to read it, or answer it; simply file it with my former letter to which it relates.

"With best regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

"Mr. Simon J. Lubin,
State Building,
San Francisco, California.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4803

Sunday, 17 Sept.; fair and pleasant. Picked flowers for the ~~vase~~ vases. They were scarce because of heavy rain and gales. In the afternoon two ladies drove up in a car. One of them seemed to know me and introduced her companion as ~~anmycologistx~~ Miss McIntyre. I told them to look about for themselves. Shortly after they left George Melling and his wife and seven daughters came but left before supper. The youngest was much interested in fairies so I took her into the garden and showed her the pretty red Chinese lanterns and told her that there was where the fairies had their evening parties and dances at night. She was delighted ^{when} ~~her~~ I gave her some of the plants. This was our first real pleasant day in two weeks.

Monday, 18 Sept.; a lovely day. Mrs. Gladhill came before I was dressed and stayed more than an hour. She wanted to know if I could finance her purchase of the Shoemaker place below Shookstown. Before she left Leroy and Catherine Masser came to pick grapes and I had to start them off. Then Sister Nellie came for flowers. The two Massers picked grapes in the afternoon and Sister Nellie came up and helped. I drove to town in the truck for some oats for the old mule that was not thriving. Also brought out some lumber and left it at mother's place. When I got back read the papers, mowed some lawn, and wrote a letter to Lubin.

(Lubin, 18 [✓]Sept., brown folder)

18 September 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I am responsive to all influences, human or otherwise, and therefore respond to your letter of the 11th re finances. I took it as a personal compliment that you wrote so frankly. One of my compensations has been the frankness with which others have spoken and written, and I have never knowingly betrayed their confidence. I read the letter with understanding, as only one can understand who has had a parallel experience and seen many others undergo much the same experience.

"It was my good or ill fortune to start as a barefoot boy on a little prairie farm in Texas 22 miles from nowhere, without play-time or schooling, and much hard manual labor until I was twenty-one. Then I broke loose and may my way through school-teaching, business college, shorthand amanuensis work, shorthand court reporting, and into government service through competitive civil service examination, 1893.

"My college education came as chief cook and bottle washer for experts employed by a Congressional Commission to investigate business methods in the executive departments (a railway president, a New York financier, and a railway auditor, whose aggregate salaries in the 90's was over \$100,000); one year taking the entire course of the Corcoran Scientific School (now the George Washington University); one year to complete the three-year course of the Georgetown Law School; and 20 years of post-graduate work in the greatest scientific research institution in the world, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, during which period I knew not only all the higher officials, the administrative staff, but interviewed intimately every research worker in plant industry, and many in animal industry and other branches of the department; with travel to many parts of all States, to all ex-

periment stations and foreign plant introduction gardens.

"With this background came two years of reorganization work and travel in Argentina, with a salary exceeded by only two in the government service of the U.S., followed by five years with the International Institute of Agriculture, with travel to all countries and contacts with all responsible officials, unique opportunities for studying world agriculture and organization, success, much honor, distinction, and general approbation.

"Returned to my bureau at the close of 1929, from which I had never been separated, only to find that I was a problem, respected and deferred to, yes, but clearly de trop and embarrassing to officials who owed their start in official life to me. Up to this time it was my proud boast that I had never asked for but one position, that of country school teacher, and got it, and thereafter never discussed with any human being the question of promotion, advancement, change of position, or salary--these had always come unsolicited, sometimes as an embarrassment because of the opportunities and salaries offered. Now, close of 1929, the tables seem to have turned and I, who for many years had been more active perhaps than any other man in reorganizing and building up the Department of Agriculture into what it had become, the leading department of its kind in the world, I was an embarrassing problem. Naturally, no one had the courage to speak out or give me a hint, but I have the gift of intuition and am something of a mind-reader, and what I read in the faces and manners of my former associates was not pleasant. After I had greeted a dozen or more of them I understood the situation clearly and exactly, knew why they thought and acted as they did, and after the first disappointment I began to see the humor of the situation, and confess that I was impish enough to tease them. Olsen was my titular chief and when he returned from sick leave in California at govern-

ment expense and greeted me with a grand Ha Ha, and said with a grin that he knew of nothing in the bureau to which I could be assigned, I reminded him solemnly that I had come into the government service through competitive civil service examination and could not be discharged except for incompetency or misconduct, which would be a little hard to prove in the light of my official record and this, and handed to him a letter I had just received from the President of the Institute quoting a resolution by the Permanent Committee praising my service in the highest terms and conferring upon me the perpetual honorary title of 'chef du service.' 'How about it, Olsen,' I asked--and you should have seen him deflate.

"I went directly from his office to see my old friend, Dr. Woods, Director of Scientific Work, stated the situation I had found, said it not only seemed funny but hurt my pride to think that I was embarrassing to anybody, and said I was prepared to resign then and there. He picked up the telephone, got the Secretary's office, and later arranged for my transfer to his office, and turned over to me the job of organizing the Inter American Conference on Agriculture, a joint project of the Department of Agriculture, the State Department, and the Pan American Union. That was accomplished to the satisfaction of everybody concerned and was as successful as such gatherings usually are or can be.

"I had hoped that an opening would present itself in 1930, but none did. The Pan American Union officials expressed a strong desire that I continue to help, but said they had no funds with which to pay my salary. Both the Agricultural and State Departments were in the same situation, officials in all departments voluntarily expressing the hope that I would remain in service. I mentioned incidentally to Dr. Warburton, Director of Extension and in charge of relief work, whom I had befriended most effectively, that it looked as if on January 1,

1931, I would be out of a job. He expressed profound astonishment, said he would give anything to have my assistance in relief work, but all the higher positions were occupied by competent men and he could not insult me by offering anything less than the highest. That about sums up the situation I found after nearly forty years of devoted public service.

"On January 1, 1931, I went on leave without pay. Some months later I scanned a copy of the retirement law and noted, for the first time, a clause that permitted retirement before the statutory age limit, 70 years, because of 'involuntary separation from service.' I immediately applied for retirement under this provision of law and was granted a pension of about ten percent of my salary for the last six years of service.

"Before the pension was thought of or granted and after my salary ceased I had not a cent of income. Worst of all, because nearest and dearest, was the attitude of my wife, who had had the run of my bank account for five years and thought it was inexhaustible and refused to believe that my salary income had stopped, and her love and affection turned to bitter enmity because I put the clamps on two adopted children. Those waifs whom we adopted were a joy to us as children, but during my absence had grown up and gotten out of bounds; the daughter had developed into the worst type of flapper and the boy into an insolent, haughty, idle spendthrift; neither having done a day's work in their lives or earned a penny of their own. Both ran away from school, both refused to do anything useful or help about the house, both were ignorant, both treated their foster mother with contempt, both were defiant and aggrieved when their foster father told them sternly that so long as they continued to live in his house and eat at his table they would either treat others under his

roof with ordinary courtesy and consideration or leave it, and both married secretly, one at 17 and the other 18. ^cNi~~ve~~ situation for a man on foreign assignment, who dreamed of home and family to come back to; and yet it was a sacrifice and a consequence that I foresaw, dimly perhaps, when I accepted that last foreign assignment under pressure from the Department and over my protest. Well, the husband and foster father stood firm, took all that was coming to him, and the situation cleared up to his entire satisfaction--but it was a most disagreeable and wholly unnecessary experience.

"I overcame incredible obstacles in vacating my town house, so that it could be rented and bring in an income, and came out to Sunny Hill Farm alone--wife refused to come--it took her nearly two years to realize that she could not obtain congenial, ~~employment~~/light, easy, remunerative employment for the asking, and that the 'poor children' did not need her, in fact, wanted to be rid of her solicitous interference--and then she rejoined me. In the meantime I spent about \$2,000 in refitting the town house and over \$10,000 in renovating the farm; which about exhausted my cash.

"On coming to the farm I sat down to take stock of my situation, and found:

"(1) We were in an abnormal business depression.

"(2) Real estate had lost its value and could be sold only at great sacrifice, with no buyers.

"(3) Taxes had been boosted during my absence several hundred per cent; for town house about 50% of rent; for farms simply a liability added to an accumulating deficit.

"(4) There had been a drouth in Frederick County equal to anything experienced in Arizona or New Mexico.

"(5) My two farms were a liability and not an asset and required a cash outlay instead of bringing in an income.

"(6) That insurance was a liability that must be met--I had suffered loss from tornado, and one of the farm dwellings had been burned down at a loss of \$2,500 because I could not collect on the insurance, the house being tenantless for more than ten days.

"(7) Perennial plant stocks that had accumulated and in normal times would be worth \$50,000 to \$100,000 had no sale value.

"(8) During my long absence competition had developed in my plant specialties (narcissi, peonies, and other perennials) so that there was tremendous overproduction.

"(9) Overproduction, competition, and reduced buying power, had resulted in ruinously low prices, often below cost of harvesting.

"(10) Age and long years of sedentary occupation had unfitted me for the manual labor of a farm, in which I was an expert in my youth; a rather painful experience; I pick up an axe and attack a tree with the zest of youth and in five minutes I am exhausted; I pick up a hoe and attack a row and in thirty minutes I am exhausted; I grab a scythe and attack a patch of weeds or briars, and for a few minutes demonstrate to the hired man how it should be done, and then I am near collapse; and I realize that it simply can't be done and that I am wasting precious energy without adequate return.

"(11) In the New Deal I am barred from reinstatement or employment in the Federal service because I have already served more than thirty years, although not of legal retirement age.

"(12) Chances for private employment are slim, as shorthand reporter, typewriter, secretary, teacher or professor of statistics, economics, economic geography, crop estimating, accounting, ^{law,} language, literature, ~~and~~ rhetoric, mathematics, phonography, drawing, etc.etc., no good for a man over 60 when 11,000,000 younger men are out of employment.

"(13) Writer? Yes, I can write. Most of my success in public

life I attribute to my ability to prepare a statement of essential facts that other men will subscribe to as expressing their opinion; yet when I send an article on the New Deal to the Saturday Evening Post, the Forum, and other publications, it comes back with the statement that they are overloaded with manuscripts--although the statements in that manuscript of mine are one by one being verified--all because they did not realize that for years I have been a professional estimator and prognosticator; little asides, such as calling attention of my county neighbors to the horse and mule shortage in this country, and--will you believe it, fairy stories--because I have lived with the fairies ever since my lonely life on the Texas prairies as a child--are printed in the local papers and have brought all sorts of favorable comment and friendships--but they don't pay my electric light bills. So I have settled down to the steady grind of writing my reminiscences of a rather unusual life, and I enjoy it because I live it all over again.

"(14) Lectures: I talked before many Washington audiences; have addressed more civic organizations in Frederick County than I knew existed, and in other counties in Maryland and Pennsylvania--interesting and agreeable, yes, and I make friends; also I meet all kinds of people and situations, and I travel country roads in all sorts of weather; but so far no one has offered to pay for the gasoline consumed, and I am about done in this direction.

"Well, there's my tale of woe. Perhaps you can get some consolation from it. How many cabinet officers can you remember ten or twenty years ago? Pretty big men in their time. I met them all and I confess I can't remember their names. So why should I or you be remembered--or worry.

"Last week I asked the officials of my local bank to advance \$600 for fall and spring planting on my personal note. After taking

~~a/week/to/consider/the/matter~~ because they had been so obsequious to 'Dr.' Estabrook. After taking a week to consider the matter they proposed a 'demand' note, due the instant it was signed, and the entry of a judgment on the public records so that it would be a lien against all my property, before the loan was made. I told them in effect that my property is not encumbered in any way, that I did not owe a dollar, that I never had owed a dollar, that my cash income was quite sufficient to pay off the loan I had applied for, and thanked them. That's banking under the New Deal. I shall probably change my bank.

"Did you ever read Emerson's essay on 'Compensation'? Well, I did as a youth, and I have never forgotten it. I haven't many compensations, as you and all others have if you will only realize and appreciate them at their true value. Mine are too many to enumerate, domestic felicity, beautiful surroundings, human intercourse, a long and interesting experience and pleasant memories, delight in the beauties of nature and the wonder of the universe, correspondence, books, household comforts, and a satisfactory understanding and sympathy with all mankind that comes from much reading, long ~~x~~ experience, extensive travel, and personal observation, regardless of country, race, creed, or ~~color~~ color, backed by a rather unusual understanding of governmental organization, psychology, and procedure. The only cloud is financial stringency--and all the frustrations ~~and~~ and inhibitions involved therein. This is serious, of course, but when I look into the face of a morning glory or a petunia or a Sunny Hill fairy, ~~they~~ ^{it} become^s utterly insignificant.

"Now, your own situation. Have you taken an inventory of your blessings and counted your compensations? They must be many.

"You are quite right in thinking that your Pan American Trade Conference was important. It was. But consider the times.

"You were quite right in thinking that personal visitation to Latin American countries was essential to effective follow-up work. It was and is. The U.S.A. was absorbed in other troubles, financial shrinkages and losses, public and private, and all the Latin American republics were in a worse situation. Times were not propitious. Unless you have an inexhaustible bank account, better lay low until the economic storm passes. Ultimately your idea will prevail, but not now. That is my honest thought.

"Your confidence invited my confidence. Hence this long letter. Some day will come an obituary notice that a man named Estabrook lived, had certain experiences, received some public notice, and died. That inconspicuous event may make this letter of momentary interest.

"Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4804

Tuesday, 19 Sept.; another lovely day. The Massers worked all ~~day~~ day at picking grapes and finished at 6 p.m. Sister and mother spent a good part of the day helping with the grapes. Wife fixed up a nice lunch for them. Billie finished plowing at the lower place and started on Observatory Hill. The weeds were very tall and heavy and the little team and single plow were too small to turn them under. I mowed some lawn, waited on the others, and did some typewriting. Rather tired. Noticed that the days were getting shorter and the nights longer.

Wednesday, 20 Sept.; fair and cool following rain in the night. Slept well and late and did not feel like getting up at 9 o'clock. Billie was up with the mules before breakfast but the ground was too wet. Clearly old Petie was suffering. I sent him back to Winworth with instructions not to try to work Petie until he got better. I went to town for the laundry and supplies and brought back sugar for the wine. I stopped on the way out at the Phoebus place to see about hiring their big team for the seeder, but he had not returned from town. I fixed the grapes for wine, finished mowing the lawn, and did some typewriting.

Thursday, 21 Sept.; cloudy and threatening. At noon went to town to mail an application for a loan of \$630 on my policy with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and did some other errands. On the way down I stopped at Winworth and was told that the old mule, Petie, had died this morning. I was not surprised after seeing him yesterday. I blamed myself for not having looked after him more closely instead of depending upon Lewis. The mule was very old and had been worked to the plow in the hard dry ground through some of the hottest weather of the summer and almost to the day of his death. He was a faithful beast and had worked hard all his life and should have had it easier in his closing days.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4805

I also stopped at the Phoebus place and Mrs. Phoebus said her husband was trying to sell their big team and did not care to hire it out lest he miss a sale. He wanted \$375 for the team. On the way out ^{I stopped} at the Ropp place and learned that they had only one old horse. I left word that I wanted to hire it for a few ^a ~~days~~. Sister agreed to see Leslie Masser and ^{ask} ~~see~~ if he would take the contract of harrowing and seeding my wheat ground. Telephoned three times to the coal dealer and got the promise of delivery on Saturday. Mowed some weeds along the drives and did some typewriting.

Friday, 22 Sept.; cloudy and cool with a touch of fall. Reading late last night. Billie came up with Mollie Mula and the Ropp horse and finished the plowing on Observatory Hill and the knoll in front of the house that I wanted to sow to lawn grass. At noon I helped pitch some heavy soybean hay to one side so that the ground could be plowed. Drove to the lower place to look for a log chain but could not find it. Then drove down to see Lewis and ask him where he left the chain. Then back and succeeded in finding the chain where Lewis had left it in the middle of one of the plowed fields. Drove down to Winworth to leave some books for mother and sister. Finished the 1,000th page of my typewriting today.

Had a short letter from Otis written at La Jolla near San Diego, not dated, saying his car turned over with him in Kansas, the gasoline and oil leaked out, and the engine had to be repaired, which was the real reason why he had to telegraph for money.

Saturday, 23 Sept.; ~~warm~~ warmer, cloudy, and threatening rain. Got to sleep at 4 a.m. Billie brought up the mowing machine early and after tinkering with it decided it could not be used on the soybeans. The machine was ~~old~~ and the soybeans very large and woody. Started him mowing them with a scythe in the afternoon. I went to town for supplies. The town was full of people and it was hard to get waited on

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4806

I read the papers, helped cut soybeans awhile, turned some of the hay, and then did some typewriting.

Sunday, 24 Sept.; clear and hot. Filled the flower vases and did some writing. In the afternoon we had a visit from Mr. John Sheppard, wife, and three children/ They were with us about two hours. He reported the Department much upset. Then Walker Chapman, wife, baby, and wife's mother, spent two hours with us. After they left we had a nice supper of pork steak and sweet potatoes. I fed Sandy and walked with wife down to close the entrance gate.

Last night Leslie Masser and wife called. He agrees to harrow the ground and sow the wheat and timothy seed and fertilizer on the land that had been plowed, about seventeen acres, for \$2.25 per acre. The government was trying to discourage the growing of wheat because of the enormous unsalable surplus and was offering to pay farmers so much per acre for agreeing to reduce their three year average production ~~one~~ fifteen percent. Unfortunately I could not take advantage of this opportunity to get something for nothing because I had never grown any wheat before and therefore could not reduce. I was planting all my spare ground in wheat this year simply to get the land in clover and timothy after harvesting the wheat, which I hoped might pay the cost of preparation, fertilizer, seed, and seeding. The clover and timothy would keep the land from washing, require no cultivation, and the hay should sell for more than the cost of cutting and hauling. I did not expect to make any profit whatever but I did expect that by this means I would cut down expenses by not having to pay for labor

(Otis, 24 Sept., ~~long letter not sent.~~ *omit*
shorter letter sent. brown folder.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4808

Tuesday, 26 Sept.; light showers and hot. Billie and helper did not come until after 9 o'clock because of the showers. I helped the boy put a section of the hay into cocks. Billie brought up the Ropp horse and mule and hauled some of the hay to the barn. Later Billie finished cutting the soybeans and plowed a little. I got wet with perspiration and very tired. Had to change my clothes. Got and read the mail. Again disappointed in not getting either the rent for the town house or a loan from the Insurance Company. Weather bad for the soybean hay.

Wednesday, 27-Sept.; cloudy and hot. Billie and helper working with the hay and plowing. Check for the insurance loan came and I was greatly relieved in mind. I drove to town to deposit the check and brought back a barrel for the grape wine. Stopped on the way back to see mother and sister. Saw Lewis also who said he had been engaged by Leslie Masser to seed my wheat. After I returned I wrote checks for farm taxes, seed, electric light and telephone bills and coal. The soybean hay very slow in curing up. A letter from Emma Burton said she would soon be free to visit us.

Thursday, 28 Sept.; clear and warm. Billie and helper finished getting the soybean hay into the barn. I went to town for plow shares and a spigot for the wine barrel. In the afternoon cut some weeds and did some typewriting. Had a telephone message from the real estate ^{agent} ~~office~~ in Washington saying they had collected the rent and naming the amount of my taxes. He said the firm would pay the taxes for me if I would mail check for the amount due the next day. While I was telephoning Mr. Marsh of the News-Post came, stayed for supper, and some time afterwards. He talked about taking up the study of French or Spanish. I showed him the Cricket and Whippoorwill houses and ^{from} ~~upon~~ the veranda to see the lights of Frederick and the valley. It was late when he left to walk back to Frederick.

(1933, Sept. S.H.)

E--4809

Friday, 29 Sept.; a beautiful day following rain. Billie and helper working in the afternoon plowing and digging peonies. In the forenoon took wife to town for some shopping and looked at paper for the kitchen. I put a gallon of thick deck paint on the roof over the kitchen in the hope that it would stop a leak that had existed from the day the new metal roof was put on. Neither I nor any one else I had asked to look at it could determine where the leak was. I mowed some grass in the cherry tree row near the red peonies and then did some typewriting. The days getting visibly shorter.

Saturday, 30 Sept.; a lovely day. Billie finished the plowing and got in some iris roots. His helper finished cleaning out the corn crib. I trimmed some peony roots and did some writing.

In the evening had a telephone called from Mr. Delaplaine, editor of the Frederick News-Post, asking me to write an article on agriculture in Frederick County in the last fifty years. He wanted it for a memorial edition to come out a week later. Began to draft such an article immediately. Feeling pleased because all the idle ground has been plowed and is ready for planting.

Sunday, 1 Oct.; clear and hot with thunder storm at sundown. Sat up late last night drafting article for the Post. It was excessively hot at noon when I went out for some flowers. Took a nap and did some writing. A quiet dull day. The evening rain will make it too wet to harrow the plowed ground.

Monday, 2 Oct.; a lovely day. We had to get up and dress ~~and~~ at 6 a.m. and get breakfast before the paperhangers came to repaper the kitchen. They finished by 11 a.m. The kitchen looked bright and cheery after they were done. Emory ^C Kline was up to see about some wood I had said he could have. Sister was up to return some books and get dahlias for the hotel. They dahlias were doing nicely. I mowed ~~sa~~ some weeds and transferred some grape wine to the Whippoorwill. Went

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4810

to town with laundry and some clothes to be cleaned and pressed. Emory agreed to come next Friday to give the kitchen roof another coat of deck paint.

Tuesday, 3 Oct.; a fine day, rather cold. Brought in some wine, got the mail, read the paper, changed clothes, and at 2 p.m. took wife to town, did some shopping, and went to a picture show to see Will Rogers in "Dr. Bull," which was very good. Saw Elizabeth for a moment but could not talk to her because her husband and boys were with her. Returned at 5.30 p.m. facing the sun and ^a difficulty in seeing the road I was so blinded by it.

During the forenoon I walked to the lower place and saw that the wheat ground had been harrowed. Saw Mrs. Sheets and agreed to pay for paper and paint for the large room ^{if} ~~is~~ she would put it on. Also told her they could have a narrow strip of ground next to the driveway for potatoes. The place looked very neat and clean.

In the evening typing article on Agriculture in Frederick County, ^{"50 Years of"} which was published by the ^{Frederick Post} in its memorial edition.

~~(Delaplaine, "50 Years of Agriculture," etc. brown folder.)~~

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4811

Wednesday, 4 Oct.; clear and cold. Transferred some wine, got the mail, and revised manuscript for the Frederick paper and mailed it. Painted seams on metal roof so that it could dry before painting the entire surface. Drove to Winworth to see mother and sister as they were eating supper. Saw Lewis and Leslie about the wheat sowing. Had a telephone that the wheat seed is at the freight office.

Thursday, 5 Oct.; raining in the morning and cold. Lewis finished harrowing Observatory Hill. I went to Winworth for the hand ~~seed~~ seeder and sowed lawn grass seed on Observatory Hill on the newly harrowed ground. Set up a sheet iron stove in the Whippoorwill and had a fire in the afternoon. By telephone ordered two and a half tons of fertilizer to be delivered at lower place. Leslie's wife came up at dusk and I gave her several kinds of irises and some peony roots. Sister was up to dig gladioli bulbs. Wrote letters.

~~(Lubin, 5 Oct., brown folder)~~ omit

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4812

Friday, 6 Oct.; a beautiful day. I had expected Emory Kline to help this morning but he did not come. Went to Billie Shoemaker's but he was working away from home. Went to Lewis's and found he was seeding wheat at Winworth. Went to Winworth and got a young man who was husking corn for sister. Made two trips to town and back with truck and helper and brought out the wheat, timothy, and rye seed and stacked in barn at lower place. The fertilizer also was delivered.

Came back and read the papers. Took wife to town for laundry and supplies. Made a fire in the stove and cut some grass and weeds. Very tired from strain of driving the truck and handling the heavy bags of seed.

Saturday, 7 Oct.--missing.

Sunday, 8 Oct.; a fine day. Had a bad cold last night and today and took quinine for it. Filled the vases with cosmos and dahlias which are looking fine. Visited mother and sister at Winworth. Wrote letter to Wallace suggesting cadastral surveys of farms as basis for better farm statistics. About 6 p.m. had a telephone from "Marjory," a former girl friend of Thelma's, saying that she and her husband were in Frederick and on their way up to see us. They came an hour later bringing two others. I took them over to the Whippoorwill and entertained them while wife got supper. It was about 10 p.m. when they left. I had an indistinct recollection of Marjorie when she was a little girl of ten or twelve.

Monday, 9 Oct.; clear and cold. We were up early thinking the plumbers would be out but they did not come. I cut grass and weeds in the gardens. Sister and Eunice were up for flowers. Read the papers and picked up stones on the knoll. Went down to the lower place and measured for a new set of steps to the front veranda. Walked back through the woods. Drove in the pickup to Winworth and then to Leslie

(1933, Oct. S H.)

E--4813

Masser's to find out why he had not begun the wheat seeding on my place as he had agreed. Was told that the men were working at another place but would reach Lower Sunny Hill this afternoon. Stopped on the way back and found them just beginning. I was provoked that the seeding of my wheat had been left to the last. Had a letter from Emma Burton saying she was thinking of paying us a visit. Also had a complimentary letter from the editor of the Post thanking me for my article on "50 Years of Agriculture in Frederick County."

Tuesday, 10 Oct.; clear and cool, following shower last night. Catherine Masser brought up the mail and visited wife. I walked down to the lower place to see how the men were getting along with their sowing. Read the papers and spent an hour or more picking up stone on the knoll. Wife helped awhile. Took some rye down to lower place for planting in gullies and waste corners to prevent washing. Had a nap and then cut some stove wood. Had letters from Thelma and Otis.

The letter from Thelma was very despondent. Said she is expecting another baby; has^d left Junie with her sister-in-law; that she has^d left her sister-in-law and taken a small cottage so that Otis and Ethel could have a room and share her meals, both being out of employment and out of money. Otis said in his letter that Ethel had lost her job and he failed to get the one she had engaged for him and both had been unable to find anything else. Wife took the letters very sensibly and herself suggested that we postpone replying to them for a week or two. I agreed because I thought nothing we could say would help them and they had taken their time in writing to us. I was hoping for fair weather long enough to get the wheat sown.

Wednesday, 11 Oct.; clear and cold. Had a late breakfast and read the mail. Picked up some more stone on the hillside. Wife helping over my protest. Took wife to town to look for a woodburning

(1933, Oct, S.H.)

E--4814

stove for the front room. We did not find the stove she was looking for and it was nearly 5 o'clock when we returned, both tired and disappointed. I put some latches on an outdoor closet because wife had an idea that she could keep food there in winter and save on electricity for the frigidair.

This evening wife and I had a talk about our unsatisfactory trips to town. She says that when I am along she feels hurried and confused, while I become impatient at her and feel utterly miserable while waiting indefinitely at the car for her to return, especially in very hot or cold weather, and hence am always in bad humor because of the time it takes. Many times I had proposed that she let me take her to town early, leave her there for as many hours as she wanted, and return for her at any time she would set, but to this plan she would never consent. This all comes about because of our different valuation of time. To her time had no value and one time was quite as good as another. To me time was of paramount importance. I suspect we were both born that way.

Thursday, 12 Oct.; clear and pleasant. Up a little earlier than usual expecting plumbers out. Before breakfast wife walked to the mail box with some letter she had written. I picked up stones on Observatory Hill until she rang a bell for breakfast. At the lower place I found Lewis working alone. He said Leslie and family were taking a day off to see the fair. After reading the mail wife and I finished picking up the stones on Observatory Hill.

In the afternoon two plumbers came out. They adjusted the pressure tank in the cellar and then I had them dig up the drain pipe from roof to cistern. For more than a year we had been troubled with water flowing into the cellar. We had supposed it came through ground from the garden and hillside above the house and I had a concrete wall built on that side of the house to turn the water. But

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4816

had personally applied hot pitch to all seams and joints. Three times I painted with heavy deck paint the entire roof on that side of the house. Still the leak continued and during every rain there was the steady, annoying drip, drip from a hole in the ceiling that splashed on and wet the bathroom floor. The drip fell just outside the bath tub from an electric light bulb above. Despairing of ever stopping the leak I hit upon the scheme of suspending from the electric light fixture a small metal trough tilted at one end to conduct the drip into the bathtub below where it could do no harm. This worked beautifully, ^{It was installed} ~~but came~~ later when my disgust at the trouble caused by a wet messy bathroom floor impelled me to make a special trip to town for the piece of sheet metal out of which to make the trough.

In the afternoon writing. Have reached the honorary luncheon given to me in December, 1922.

Friday, 13 Oct. m cloudy and cold after light rain last night. After breakfast took the truck and brought out lumber to replace the steps at the lower place. Had to wait more than an hour for the lumber to be cut to desired sizes. While at the lower place I backed the truck against the barn door and loaded empty sacks and remnants of seed and fertilizer to take to the upper place. I was alone and had a desperate struggle to hoist two-bushel sacks of wheat into the truck. Then I made a second trip to town in the pickup for supplies and was back at 3 p.m. I made a fire in the furnace for the first time this autumn. The house had been uncomfortably cold for the last week.

Saturday, 14 Oct.; nice day. Before breakfast cut some wood for the Whippoorwill. After breakfast took plumbers' rubbish, ~~se~~ stones and concrete fragments, to the washout next to the drive. Got the mail and read it. Set out some pansy plants, cleaned the

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4817

Whippoorwill, and brought in flowers. Then did some writing. Have reached trip with family to Buenos Aires in January, 1923.

Sunday, 15 Oct.; a lovely day. Made fires, brought in more flowers, and began to write. At 11 o'clock Walker Chapman and family came and remained until nearly 6 p.m. I took walker over to the Whippoorwill where we smoked, sipped wine, and I talked to pass the time. They were nice people but stayed too long, that is, two or three hours after we became tired trying to entertain them. When they finally left Walker failed to take his hat with him. We finished dining about 3 p.m., and thinking they would go soon wife left the dishes, so that she had to clean up in the evening.

Monday, 16 Oct.; another lovely day. Zewsi Lewis and helper came up in the forenoon and started sowing wheat in the piece next the driveway. He broke the tongue to the seeder about noon and had to quit with only a portion of the field sown. I picked up a lot of the larger stones and carried them to the stone fences. This was a job I could never get the hired men to do unless I stood right over them and the only way I could get it done was to do it myself, although it was beyond my strength which should have been utilized for other work that the hired men could not do. Then I set out some more pansies and drove to town for the laundry and supplies. Sister was up for some flowers and brought with her another lady to see the place.

My article on agriculture in Frederick County came out in the memorial edition of the Frederick News of the 14th. While in town I got some extra copies.

Tuesday, 17 Oct.; raining last night and clearing in the afternoon. Very tired last night and went to bed early and slept straight through until 11 a.m. today. Read the mail and did a little typewriting. At 4 p.m. took wife to Winworth and had a nice

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4818

dinner with mother, sister, and a Mrs. Holt, a widow of a former consular officer at Tangiers.

Wednesday, 18 Oct.; cloudy, cold, showers. Got the mail and read it. Spent two hours painting part of the roof and got very tired. Did some typing. A most unsatisfactory day.

Had a reply to my letter to Secretary Wallace concerning cadastral surveys from Dr. Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to the Secretary. This is the second time I have written the new Secretary and had a reply from some one else.

Thursday, 19 Oct.; clear and cool. Not feeling well. Got the mail, cut some wood, and spent an hour fitting a shelf to the windowsill of the kitchen to serve as an extension to the kitchen table. Spent the afternoon typewriting, taking naps, and trying to keep warm. Fixed up a box of peony roots to be sent to wife's friend, Mrs. Ola Weaver, in Virginia.

Friday, 20 Oct.; bright and pleasant. Slept more than twelve hours last night and feel better. Went to town for laundry and supplies. On the way out picked up a ragged little boy about ten years old and brought him out as far as the timber line. I asked him why he was not in school--because attendance is supposed to be compulsory. He replied, "Oh, yes, years ago I used to go to school, but you see now the teachers don't teach nothing that's of any use to a man, so I'm not going any more." I asked what the teachers did teach and he replied, "Oh, nothing ~~by~~ but play around and foolishness."

I finished the swinging shelf on the window sill as an extension of the kitchen table. Wife had wanted it for a year but it was such a mean place to attach anything that I kept putting it off. The shelf could not be fastened to the table because it was of thin enameled metal. It could not be fastened to the edge of the windowsill because it had a beveled edge, was too thin to take hinges,

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4819

and was not at the right level to match the top of the table. I solved the difficulty by taking two 2 by 4's and trimming one side to fit the wall from floor to windowsill, and to these uprights I attached the hinges and ~~brack~~ swinging brackets so that the shelf could be raised and lowered at will. When raised it was on the exact level with the top of the table, and when lowered the table could be pushed against the wall. For a little thing it took thought and time to make a neat job of it. Did some typing in the evening.

Saturday, 21 Oct.; cloudy and threatening rain. With a borrowed seeder Lewis finished planting the wheat in the piece near the drive. It was a very poor job because the ground was wet and beaten hard. I was disappointed at this late sowing because I had looked forward to having the ~~wheat~~ wheat come up and make an attractive green cover to the ground between the house and the entrance gate before cold weather set in and remain green thereafter until harvest. As a matter of fact the seed was not properly covered and much of it was eaten by the guineas and what was left did not come up until the following spring. This was the best piece of ground and best prepared, but because of the lateness of planting and the interruption to planting by the breaking of the seeder, followed by rain that beat the ground hard, it was the poorest of all the wheat sown at Sunny Hill; and to make matters worse it was directly in front of the house where I and others had it before our eyes until it was removed at harvest.

Got the mail and read it. Transferred the big sheet iron stove to the Whippoorwill, which was a great improvement over the small one. Stored the remnants of seed and fertilizer and the empty seed bags. Put truck back under shed. Cut some weeds. Drove guineas off the wheat. Cut flowers for the vases. Built fires. Wrote Lubin.

(Lubin, 21 [✓]Oct., brown folder)

21 October 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I have the memorandum transmitted with your letter of October 7, which should have been answered sooner, but I have been 'right much' busy 'y tengo mucho trabajo' trying to run off a daily stunt of typewriting with a book I have under way and look after a thousand and one things on the farm.

"You ask for criticism. Well, let's see what comes out on the typewriter on a second reading of the paper.

"1st Sec. 'True Judeo--Christianity' and 'true Democracy' a thin veneer in Europe.

"(1) Quite right; but is it not equally true for all other countries?

"(2) The term 'Judaeo--Christianity' will probably offend many people who call themselves Christians, but who would like to forget the Jewish origin of Christianity. (I honored your father for his proud loyalty to his race, and on several occasions I have reminded some of my over-zealous and rather intolerant Christian friends of the debt they owe to the Hebrew race).

"2d Sec. 'The great war smashed artificial bonds' and 'people reverted.' Correct.

"3d Sec. 'Gardens of weeds--beautiful specimens--men who rise above their fellows.' Correct.

"'Exodus of bravest and best to a new world--the Americas.' Rather a serious question as to whether the Spanish conquistadores, the sniveling roundheads, or rottenly corrupt cavaliers, who were mostly religious bigots or mercenaries, can properly be thought of as among 'the bravest and best.' Also, the bravest are not necessarily the best, nor the best the bravest, because most men are brave in certain situations and under certain conditions, and among the bravest

are savages. And the definition or conception of 'best' would be and is different for each race and country and period of time.

"Would it not be more correct to use phraseology to the effect that the men and women who left their home countries to explore and settle the New World were among the most adventurous, enterprising, and courageous, and that in the environment of a new world these traits have become predominant to an unusual degree, and that having broken away from the routine of ancestral life and its traditions, their faces look forward with hope and enthusiasm and optimism, instead of backward to the dim past, and to that extent they are free to try all things and hold fast to those that prove good--which hopeful spirit of trial of new things is the spirit and hope of human progress and betterment.

"4th Sec. Civilization of the future to be on the American Continent, ~~'north and south, and of the peoples that inhabit it'~~ Excellent. I agree. But because I know something of this American continent, north and south, and of the peoples that inhabit it, and of their psychology, which is human and not very different from the psychology of other peoples and races, I confess I am rather doubtful. Rather I feel this way about it, after reading much history: There have been many civilizations, and there will be many, many more; but they are of extremely slow development--a matter of centuries. And yet I have an abiding faith in the betterment of the human race, and I think the chances are somewhat better in the Americas and their peoples than elsewhere on this globe. But just because of the time element and certain fundamental characteristics of the human race I am not overenthusiastic. One trouble is that the good qualities of parents, their acquired skill, wisdom, and experience, are not always transmitted to their children, so that each child and each generation has to begin all over again. (I think I have said enough on this point,

and so will omit two pages of shorthand notes I took to develop my thought).

"5th Sec., beginning bottom of page 1. 'The U.S. missed an opportunity during the war to bind the American nations together.'

"Perhaps; but that object had partly been accomplished by the Pan American Union. During the war period 16 of the Latin American nations, as I remember it, promptly followed the lead of the U.S. Only four remained neutral, and in each case it was for special reasons. On the whole this section is O.K. and I can endorse it as it stands.

"On the whole, this memorandum and the one that preceded it are excellent. Both are pacifist in tone and outlook. On that point I am reduced to helplessness by conflict between intellectual beliefs and instinct. I am a pacifist and an internationalist because warfare, military, economic, religious, or other, seems inhuman, i.e., cruel, foolish, and utterly futile, and unworthy of reasoning, intelligent beings; and yet these ideas pale and fade away into a background in the face of inherited belligerent instincts that come to the fore on the slightest provocation, real or imaginary. I mention this simply because I assume other men are pretty much in the same situation, and it is a distinct obstacle to the realization of peace on earth and good will to men.

"I assume that your argument is directed especially to winning support to the idea of reciprocity of trade with Latin American countries. That idea I can sincerely endorse and support. Selfinterest is one of the strongest and ^{most} fundamental of human motives. Trade promotes the realization of self interest between individuals and nations, and along with it comes better mutual understanding, good will, friendship, and united efforts to achieve common ends.

"(Here I will omit some more. You see, early in life I was

a public shorthand reporter, and ever since draft everything in shorthand. With pad and pencil I sit back in my chair and record the flow of thought, the inner voice, without thought of how far afield it is taking me. The shorthand draft has the further advantage that it is a written record, unintelligible to others, and can be laid aside indefinitely and taken up again as opportunity affords. Then when it comes to the drudgery of transcribing it on the typewriter one realizes that he has written a pamphlet instead of a letter, and the pamphlet has to be killed, scrapped; and that's what happened with this é letter, which accounts for its scrappy nature).

"Any how, you haven't my criticism, such as it is, of your paper.

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4820

Sunday, 22 Oct.; bright mild day. Not feeling well and having trouble with my eyes and will have to rest them. Took check to Leslie Masser for sowing the wheat and stopped at Winworth to visit with mother, sister, Eunice and Charlie. Wrote a letter last night to Dr. Apple, President of Hood College in Frederick, suggesting I would like to teach economic geography or phonography and mailed it today.

Monday, 23 Oct.; cloudy, showers, and cold. Lewis came up with Mollie Mula and a borrowed horse and harrowed in some rye and vetch on a piece of waste land. Sister Nellie came up to see about some peony scrap roots I had given her. There were too many to take back in her car so I took them down in the pickup. Read the mail when I got back. I cut some wood for the Whippoorwill stove and then cut the weeds and peony tops in one of the patches near the Cricket House. Did a little writing in the afternoon, although still having trouble with my eyes.

(Dr. Apple, 23 Oct., brown folder)

23 October 1933.

"Dr. Joseph H. Apple,
President, Hood College,
Frederick, Maryland.

"Dear Dr. Apple:

"Forgive me for addressing a letter to you about a personal matter in the belief that it may, perhaps, be of interest to Hood College. It is in the nature of a request or feeler for employment--the first I have ever written.

"My situation is this: My government pension is inadequate. My Washington residence rents for little more than taxes, insurance and upkeep. My two farms in Frederick County have been liabilities for several years rather than assets. I need a moderate supplemental income. I can get it by service in any one of several capacities in Washington, D.C., or other large city. But, I love life at Sunny Hill and in Frederick County, and am writing a book. I do not wish to forego the one or interrupt the other. In other words I want part time employment within easy reach of my home. That points to writing or teaching. Until my book is completed, a matter of many months, I do not wish to engage in regular writing. That narrows the outlook down to teaching--practically to teaching in Hood College, because I would not care to teach in the public schools, nor would I care to ~~un-~~ undertake to open a school of my own.

"My thoughts take this direction because in early life I taught two years in country schools--pupils of all ages with a rather remarkable collection of the textbooks of that period--a year teaching book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting in a business college, and a year in the North Texas University, a chartered institution long since defunct, where I was professor of mathematics, history, and English literature. This experience was a happy one and I have reason to believe

more than usually successful--perhaps because I come of a long line of preachers and teachers. I left it only because shorthand reporting was so much more remunerative.

"What can I teach in Hood College, I ask myself, as you or any one else may well ask?

"I have read much, traveled widely, and served with some distinction in many capacities, but during the last twenty years of public service I became widely known in this and other countries as a leading agricultural statistician and economist. I can teach agriculture, statistics, or economics; but I assume that the students at Hood College are only superficially interested in agriculture, and not at all in statistics, and I recall that economics is already included in your curriculum. So I pass these subjects, along with history, English literature, and languages, as well as botany and other subjects common to most educational institutions.

"That narrows the field to two subjects which, so far as I know, are not already taught and provided for in Hood College, namely, Economic Geography, and Phonography.

"I have no doubt that the instructors in physical geography and economics in Hood College necessarily touch upon economic geography but in all probability in a most incidental manner; and it should be remembered that within the last fifteen years economic geography has steadily forged to the front as an important department in the curricula of the universities. Because of my connection with the sources of original data and unusual opportunities for first hand observation I feel that I could formulate a course in economic geography second to none. However, this would require some research and much time in organizing the subject for logical presentation, for all of which I would expect adequate compensation, because of the sacrifice of time and thought involved, for in my case it would probably mean writing

a textbook on the subject.

"On the other hand, Phonography, commonly known as shorthand, so little regarded because so common in this country--not in others, and yet so important, is from long usage second nature to me and I might well claim a Phd. degree in it. I studied it more than forty years ago, finished and was retained to teach it within three months. I am sure that you will agree with me that one of the best ways to learn anything is by teaching it, after practicing it. I am one of the few surviving members of the shorthand profession that has a teacher's certificate from the Phonographic Institute at Cincinnati bearing the signature of Ben Pit~~z~~man, brother of Isaac, the inventor of phonography. Then I became a court and public reporter, and that brought me to Washington, D.C. and into the government service. Later I resigned and opened a public reporting office in Washington, reporting political conventions, Congressional committee proceedings, and the Great Northern Securities case before the Supreme Court, but gave it up because of the wife's protest at irregular hours, to re-enter the public service in the Department of Agriculture. Within a year I was switched to other work because of my organizing and administrative ability. So ended the actual practice of shorthand. But ever since I have used it daily, and am so convinced of its utility and cultural value that I advocate it as a part of common school education.

"Why teach shorthand in Hood College?

"For two reasons: (1) Cultural, and (2) as a preparation for earning a livelihood.

"(1) Cultural. The learning of shorthand (phonography) involves many things:

"(a) A study of phonetics, i.e., the elementary sounds of the English language, which itself is good training in paying atten-

tion, analysis of sounds, and pronunciation.

"(b) Training in paying attention (the basis of all knowledge) and of the ear in hearing correctly; training in listening (an accomplishment especially valuable for females), and training in the intelligent understanding of the thought a speaker is trying to express, i.e., bridging gaps and hiatuses in spoken speech that an audience fails to notice because of his gestures, tone of voice and facial expression.

"(c) Acquisition of a vocabulary, or many vocabularies. While any spoken word in any language can be represented by a shorthand or phonographic character, this character is unintelligible unless the writer understands the meaning of the word it represents. Hence, any student of ~~sh~~ shorthand must have or acquire a vocabulary. If he studies shorthand merely for personal use, he can use the vocabulary he already has. If he expects to become an amanuensis and write from the dictation of others, he should at least acquire the vocabulary of his prospective employer. If he expects to go further and become a reporter he must acquire the vocabulary, the ^{technical} jargon, of every branch of business, profession, art, science, literature, and so on. A thoroughly competent shorthand reporter who can 'take anything' probably has a larger vocabulary, and the ^{assortment of} associated ideas that go with vocabularies, than any other professional man, for the simple reason that he cannot hope to succeed without it.

"(d) To succeed as a shorthand writer, not only must the student have an extensive vocabulary, skill in writing it, along with developed power of listening and attention, plus intuitive understanding of the speaker, but he must be familiar with the literature of the subject, which means all literature and all history, and something of the fundamental principles of the arts and sciences; otherwise he is doomed to ignominious failure.

"(e) Incidentally, the practice of shorthand trains students in the coordination simultaneously of the sense of hearing, attention, mind, knowledge, memory, and dexterity of hand, as few other studies do.

"(2) As a means of livelihood. Perhaps no single accomplishment is in such universal demand as the ability to write shorthand and turn it into clean, correct transcript which the dictator can sign with a feeling of satisfaction. Few employments are more appropriate or remunerative for young women. It is preeminently useful and respectable, is recognized as such by society, and has the great advantage of bringing the stenographer in personal contact with management, and thereby affords unusual opportunities to learn a business or profession from the inside.

"Among the feminine student body of Hood College there must be many who, themselves or their parents, realize the desirability of a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting as a means of livelihood, if not now or in the immediate future, yet as a sort of safeguard and insurance, a practical resource in time of need, a need that may develop in any human life. Any man or woman who has a usable knowledge of shorthand or typewriting can always obtain employment more readily than with almost any other equipment.

"In the foregoing I have stated the case and the argument. Consider it at your leisure. Decide upon its merits and the situation of Hood College. You will naturally consult with others, for which reason, partly, I have been so prolix.

"Compensation: This would naturally depend upon the time involved. As a matter of fact I have been fortunate in always having employment without seeking for it, always was more interested in service than in money, and always accepted the compensation that went with the service without discussion.

"References: In the past these have never been required.

However, see 'Who's Who in America.' I am a member of the Cosmos Club, a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of several technical associations. I have a teacher's certificate from the Phonographic Institute of Cincinnati, a diploma from the Georgetown Law School as LL.B., and a certificate from the Minister of Agriculture of Argentina to the effect that a gold medal was presented to me for distinguished service. At one time I possessed a B.A. diploma from the North Texas University, but it disappeared many years ago.

"As personal references I give the names of Dr. A. F. Woods, former President of the Maryland University, now Director of Scientific Work in the U.S. Department of Agriculture; and Dr. R. A. Pearson, President of the Maryland University; with both of whom I have served.

"I shall appreciate your consideration of this letter and a reply at your convenience. If you wish to discuss it with me please advise me. I am at your service.

"With best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4821

Tuesday, 24 Oct.; cloudy, fog, and showers. Got the mail and read it. Chopped some wood and did a little typewriting. A gloomy somber day. One has the feeling of being shut in.

Wednesday, 25 Oct.; clear and cold with wind. After breakfast gathered some flowers and took down to Lucy Whipp for the funeral of ~~her husband, George Whipp~~ George Ropp's little boy. Then to town ^rfor supplies. In the afternoon cut some wood and weeds and did a little typewriting.

Thursday, 26 Oct.; clear and cold. Half an inch of ice formed last night. First frost and first winter day we have had. Got the mail, cut some wood and weeds, and did a little typewriting. The Potomac Edison people were out to clear the line from overhanging branches. It was a glorious day but cold enough to make fires necessary. Had a letter from Dr. Apple saying that the young people of Hood College were not interested in typewriting.

(Dr. Apple, ✓ 26 Oct., brown folder)

Tuesday, 24 Oct.; cloudy, fog, and showers. Got the mail

and read it. Chopped some wood and did a little typewriting. A

cloudy summer day. One has the feeling of being shut in.

Wednesday, 25 Oct.; clear and cold with wind. After breakfast

gathered some flowers and took down to Lucy Whip for the funeral of

her husband, George Hopp's little boy. Then to town

for supplies. In the afternoon cut some wood and weeds and did a

little typewriting.

Thursday, 26 Oct.; clear and cold. Half an inch of ice formed

last night. First frost and first winter day we have had. Got the

mail, cut some wood and weeds, and did a little typewriting. The

Potomac bottom people were out to clear the line from overhanging

branches. It was a glorious day but cold enough to make fire neces-

sary. Had a letter from Dr. Apple saying that the young people of

Hood College were not interested in typewriting.

(Dr. Apple, 26 Oct., Brown folder)

26 October 1933.

"Dear Dr. Apple:

"I thank you for your courteous letter of the 24th. Your judgment is, of course, final and conclusive.

"I mentioned phonography for two reasons: (1) Because I was so thoroughly grounded in it and in the teaching of it many years ago that it became a sort of second nature with me and would require no preparation or effort to teach it again.

"(2) Because many years ago a prominent president of a leading university said publicly that the cultural value of a study of shorthand was superior to that of a thorough knowledge of Greek and Greek literature, and that for the practical purpose of earning a livelihood it was superior to any other course of study in the average college curriculum. I am speaking from memory, ^{but} that that statement is somehow associated in my mind with Dr. Elliot. At any rate my own experience has tended to confirm the correctness of that statement. I have personally known one President, two cabinet members, members of Congress, and successful business men, who attributed much of their success to having learned and practiced shorthand early in life.

"This letter requires no answer, and therefore I take the liberty of further expression.

"You mention typewriting as a course recently suggested. My wife saw a reference to it in the local paper, which suggested to me the desirability of including a course in shorthand also. The two subjects are related, but are quite different in every respect.

"Typewriting is, of course, purely mechanical; it involves training in mechanical dexterity, and proficiency comes as a result of practice, somewhat like mechanical drawing. It is associated with shorthand because it greatly facilitates the transcription of shorthand characters into words, phrases, and sentences, without

which shorthand is of no value except to the one who writes it; for which reason practically all shorthand writers learn to operate a typewriter.

"Typewriting is essentially mechanical and has little commercial value without a knowledge of shorthand, except for plain copying. Perhaps only one operator of a typewriter in 10,999 acquires sufficient skill, because of inherited temperament, disposition, and much hard work, to take ^{direct} dictation satisfactorily on the machine--but even for these rare individuals direct dictation has its disadvantages, because not one man in ^{1,000} ~~10,000~~ can dictate without error or desire to change phraseology, which cannot be done after the words are typed except by rewriting..

"I was interested in knowing that Hood College contemplated a course in typewriting. Although it is a purely mechanical accomplishment and has many limitations, it nevertheless has cultural advantages. The acquirement of skill in typewriting requires not only attention, concentrated effort, but persistent practice, all of which involves sustained coordination of eye, brain, and hand. It drills the operator in grammar, spelling, and punctuation as nothing else can, because the mistakes that are made in longhand writing are not readily apparent and pass unnoticed, but when typewritten are so glaring as to demand instant correction. For this reason I have advocated the use of typewriters in all public schools.

"Another statement that I have made in the past comes to mind, which is that to become a competent and highly efficient operator of a typewriter capable of turning out faultless transcript, requires more time and effort than it does to acquire a thorough knowledge of shorthand--or of higher mathematics, or of any language. I do not expect you to believe this statement, but it is founded upon personal experience and much observation. In three months I learned the Pitman

system of phonography well enough to be retained as a salaried instructor; within three years I was reporting speeches and court proceedings; and some years later I had reason to believe that I was the equal of any shorthand reporter living; but in all that time and after typewriting many thousands of pages I was never able, and am not yet able, to write page after page without a single typographical error. And yet I still have a set of Dickens awarded to me as winner of a speed contest. I recall I won a promotion in the War Department instead of being discharged because a comma dropped into a page where it obviously did not belong, passed eight professional proof readers, and I was called upon for an explanation; and I replied that neither I nor any other human being could explain why that particular comma got itself in that particular place, but I could explain how most typographical errors happened, and I proceeded to give an analytical and philosophical explanation and to point out ways and means of reducing such errors to a minimum, with the result that instead of a reprimand, if nothing more serious, I was commended, won a promotion, and my essay was circulated throughout the Department with orders that all employes should read it.

"I mention all this simply in explanation of my interest in the subject of shorthand and typewriting, concerning which I feel that I know about all there is to be known, although I have not used my knowledge of these subjects for commercial purposes for more than a quarter of a century. I had thought of suggesting a thirty minute lecture on phonography at a convenient time, but your suggestion of lack of interest is quite sufficient. I am extremely busy, as are most other men. Simply because some of my home letters from abroad were published in the local paper I have been asked to address most of the civic organizations of Frederick County. Their number was greater than I had realized. I responded cheerfully as a matter of

good will and neighborliness and the talks seemed to be appreciated. But so far there has never been a hint of compensation, even for gasoline. It happens that the last paid lecture I gave brought me \$300. Can you blame me if my attitude is beginning to change?

"All of which is personal, for which I beg your pardon. My only excuse is that from long habit a typewriter on my lap stimulates the flow of thought and its expression, sometimes without much regard as to whether it is pertinent or not.

"I note that nothing was said in your letter ~~re~~ regarding my suggestion of a course in economic geography. Perhaps it was because I suggested that it would require time and effort on my part and adequate compensation therefor, and the fact that this subject would be necessarily touched upon by the instructor in economics. In this field I think I can justly claim first hand knowledge as a government expert with many years of experience at a relatively high salary, exceeding that of any other economist so far as I know. I have several thousand photographs of foreign countries, peoples, fields, commodities, and systems of transportation, but unfortunately for class purposes these would have to be turned into lantern slides for purposes of illustration, which would involve considerable expense. However, if the student body of Hood College resembles other young women I have met in recent years, they are not interested in economic geography, and I therefore take it for granted that the College is not interested.

"That's that, and requires no answer.

"Now, just between ourselves. Years ago, after I bought Sunny Hill Farm, I used to pass Hood College on my way in and out and saw it develop outwardly. I subscribed to the Frederick papers and knew that one Dr. Apple was president of the college and I often thought

I should like to meet him, but always time pressed and there was no particular occasion. Then, you may recall, I was invited to address the Rotary Club. I came as a stranger, met a reception committee at the door that was very cordial, and one of the member's led me to the speaker's table and introduced me to the presiding officer, but failed to mention his name, i.e., your name--and your name was not mentioned during the proceedings. It was not until you and your wife called at Sunny Hill to meet my mother in graceful acknowledgment of her copy of a picture of Washington that I recognized you as Dr. Apple. This will explain a certain awkwardness I have felt the few times we have met. Also, while I am about it, I may say that literally hundreds of good people have called at Sunny Hill, admired the flowers, and talked in friendly fashion without the common courtesy of telling me their names. They knew me because I was here. I did not know them the first time because I had never seen them before, and yet when they called a second and a third time they seem to expect me to remember their names, which I had never heard. This seems to be rather characteristic of Frederick County. Perhaps Hood College might do something to correct this defective custom, lack of definite introductions. The Japanese, practical little brown men that they are, have a custom superior to ours. Every Japanese gentleman carries a supply of printed cards which he hands out freely to all whom he meets. Meeting people ~~whs~~ whose names one does not know is like trying to think without words.

"Sorry for you, but I have already warned you that with a typewriter in my lap the thoughts crowd for expression, but I venture the following, thinking you will appreciate it.

"I have wondered at the attitude of the mountain children to the consolidated school. They will feign sickness and resort to all sorts of devious devices to escape attendance. To me the very

idea of going to school and escaping farm drudgery in my childhood, and a daily ride in a motor bus to the county seat and back with other children would have been one of unalloyed bliss.

"Last week as I stopped at the service station at 4th and Market Streets a little boy came up and asked if I would give him a ride. On the way out I tried to engage him in conversation. I learned that he lived in a cabin a quarter of a mile or more north of the Shookstown road on the slope of Catoctin and that he had walked into Frederick, a distance of about five miles, that morning with a bushel or more of kale which he had exchanged for groceries. I asked him how about school, didn't he like to go to school, and didn't he like riding in the bus. Remember, he was a little fellow, dressed in rags, but with a sober intelligent face and appeared to be not more than ten or eleven years old. He replied in effect: 'Years ago'--this little ten year old man--'years ago I used to like to go to school when we had school in our own school house. But I tried the town school and it's no good--just a waste of time. You see, when a man goes to school he wants to learnⁿ something, "rithmetic, writin', and jogaphy, and histry," and things like that; but in these town schools they just tell stories and play. You see, we boys and girls want to learn something we can't learn at home, and we already know how to play without teachers trying to teach us how to play.'

"Now isn't that something to give us to think?

"A few days later I told this incident to a neighbor and she identified the boy as a 'perfect little devil.' Now, my instinct and intuition tell me that that boy has the making of a man in him, if only some one with sufficient intelligence could meet him on his own mental plane. Well, I am not in a position to do it, and it looks as if here is one place where the consolidated school falls down. So I put it up to you as an educational specialist.

"I sometimes wonder if it is possible for townspeople with all their organized public conveniences to realize what the semi-primitive life of farm people is, a people still in contact with raw nature and somewhat isolated, and more or less helpless because of lack of money and contact with their city brethren. Country life is much like life on shipboard, because it is ~~concentrated~~ and isolated. These mountain country people are rude and crude in many ways, and always awkward, but it would do your heart good to see the way they rally to each other in time of trouble. When the man of the family is stricken the neighbors plant, cultivate and harvest his crops, and the women help with the nursing. Just this week a neighbor over the ridge lost a little boy--tumor on the brain--after exhausting his resources for hospital treatment. The neighborhood response was immediate and universal, a response of human sympathy such as one does not get in towns and cities. Why do I say this? Just because for a third of a century I lived in the same house in Washington, D.C., and in all that time rarely spoke to my nextdoor neighbor. Why? Simply because we had organized city conveniences at hand and the daily routine of our lives ran along different lines and never crossed. In the country it always has been, is, and probably always will be different. The tragedy of it all is the lack of understanding between country and city people--precisely the same kind of people, you understand, equally meritorious, each with the same illustrious pedigree, each with the same potentialities, but each in a different environment and different rewards for the same expenditure of human thought and energy.

"Which also gives us something to think about.

"Bueno, the clock says it is high time to quit.

"Forgive me for this expression of my thought.

"No answer is required or expected.

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4822

Friday, 27 Oct.; clear and cold. After cutting some wood wife agreed to get ready to go to town. We left at 11.30 and returned at 2.30. Mailed a pipe and some tobacco to Otis in California. Brought out some stove pipe and fittings for another stove for the front room for use on warm days instead of the furnace.

Late afternoon Mr. Olsen called up to say that the Argentine Embassy was asking for three American experts, one to make a survey of the wheat growing regions of Argentina, and indicate where grain elevators should be erected, an expert on the construction of elevators, and an engineer for road building. He said that several names had been mentioned for the wheat survey, mine included, and the Argentine Ambassador had at once said his department would be glad to have me. I said that I would be glad to consider such a mission and Mr. Olsen agreed to arrange an appointment with the ambassador and asked that I see him before keeping the appointment. Wife and I were dumbfounded at this prospect of another foreign assignment.

Saturday, 28 Oct.; clear and cold. Storm predicted but none came. Last night ^{after} ~~before~~ we had retired Mr. Price came with a friend. I had to get up and dress and sit with them. They stayed until after 1 a.m. Lewis and his son-in-law came up to chop some wood for the stove and accomplished very little. I went for the mail in the pick-up and continued on down to Winworth to tell mother and sister about the Argentine prospect. Mother much excited and inclined to crow over it as something already accomplished. I begged them not to mention it to any one until a decision was reached. When I returned wife said there was a long distance call from Washington. I called and Mr. Olsen answered saying the Argentine Ambassador could see me at 2 p.m. Monday, and he, Mr. Olsen, could see me at 11 a.m.

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4823

In the ~~letter~~ mail was a letter from Emma Burton saying she would be in Washington Monday prepared to come out with us for a visit. Also a letter from Otis saying he and Ethel expected to be in Martinsburg for Thanksgiving. I read the mail and did some odd jobs and spent most of the day lying down.

(Memo. for Argentine Embassy, 28 Oct., brown folder)

28 October 1933.

Memorandum

For Information of the Embassy of Argentina.

Born, 24 March, 1869, at Rockford, Illinois, U.S.A.

1877 to 1892: In Texas, on a farm, teaching in school and college, and shorthand court reporter.

1893 to 1903: Washington, D.C., War Department, and secretary for Joint Commission of Congress to Investigate Business Methods in the Executive Departments.

1904 to 1922: U.S. Department of Agriculture; chief, Office of Records; chief, Office of Seed Distribution; Chief Clerk of Department; chief, Bureau of Statistics; chief, Bureau of Crop Estimates; associate chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics; represented Department on many committees and commissions, including Council of National Defence, and visited all parts of United States.

1923 (Jan.) to 1924 (July): Comisionado Especialista in Economia y Estadistica, Ministerio de Agricultura Nacional de Argentina; reorganized Direccion de Economia Rural y Estadistica, and made a special study of the agriculture of Argentina.

1924 (Aug.) to 1925 (March): Commissioner of Agriculture, U.S. Department of Agriculture; travel in Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Chile, and summarizing observations which were published as bulletins by the Department as 'Economic Study of the Agriculture of Argentina and Paraguay' or some such title--appeared in 1926.

1925 (April) to 1929 (Dec.): Director of World Agricultural Census Project for International Institute of Agriculture, Rome; prepared census program approved by General Assembly, and visited capitals of all countries (except Afghanistan, Persia, and

Bolivia, whose officials were met elsewhere) to discuss census program with responsible officials and win cooperation.

1930: Assistant to Director of Scientific Work, U.S. Department of Agriculture; helped organize the First Inter-American Conference ~~of~~ on Agriculture, Forestry, and Animal Industry, and was its secretary general.

1931 to 1933: Managing Sunny Hill Farms, Frederick County, Maryland, U.S.A., and writing.

Bolivia, whose officials were met elsewhere) to discuss
 census program with responsible officials and with coopera-
 tion.

1950: Assistant to Director of Scientific Work, U.S. Department of
 Agriculture; helped organize the first Inter-American Con-
 ference on Agriculture, Forestry, and Animal Industry,
 and was its secretary general.
 1951 to 1953: Managing Sunny Hill Farms, Frederick County, Maryland,
 U.S.A., and writing.

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4824

Sunday, 29 Oct.; a beautiful day. Autumn foliage very disappointing because it froze crisp before it had a chance to turn pretty. After breakfast I spent an hour with the family at Winworth. All were in good health and looking well. Some one had dumped a load of old newspapers in front of our mail box and I stopped to weight them down with stones to prevent them from being blown about. I would give a good deal to know who did it. I looked at the chrysanthemums which were beginning to show a little color. Also picked up some stones on the rye patch below the peonies. After noon wife and I walked down to the Kinna patch. A car with four or five people in it drove through without stopping in the afternoon. One of the Sheets girls brought up the rent for the lower house in the afternoon.

Felt rather broken up over the Argentine prospect. Would accept any decent salary because it required such close economy to pay farm expenses here. Wonder how many townspeople realize that a farm in time of depression is a dead expense to one who has to hire all labor that has to be done.

Monday, 30 Oct.; clear and warm. We were up early and got away at 8.15 a.m. for Washington. Wife spent the day trying to communicate with Emma Burton but without success.

I went to the Department of Agriculture and saw Mr. Olsen. He was affable and discussed various matters before he broached the proposal of the Argentine Ambassador. He had little information to impart regarding it.

At the appointed time I took a taxi to the Argentine Embassy. Had some difficulty in finding it because the number listed in the telephone directory was on New Hampshire Avenue. We found what should have been the right number, but there was no 6 number visible and we passed it several times. Inquiry of a footman disclosed that the

(1933, Oct. S.H.)

E--4825

offices were on a side street. After waiting there a few minutes Dr. Espil, whom I knew, welcomed me cordially. He explained that he had an inquiry from the Minister of Agriculture at Buenos Aires as to whether three experts could be found to do special work in connection with establishing a system of grain elevators and good roads, one of them to make a survey of the wheat regions of the country as to ^{their} ~~its~~ present and future probable production, port facilities, and probable grain exports in future years. Dr. Espil said he thought I would be just the man they were looking for and he knew that I had many friends in the department at Buenos Aires and he was glad to know that I was willing to undertake the project. He said the matter of salary ^a ~~was~~ not mention^{ed}. I said that my former contract at \$15,000 a year was satisfactory. He reminded me that because of the great business depression salaries were reduced, which I readily admitted and said there would be no difficulty in arranging the salary provided mine was not less than the salaries of other foreign experts. I said that I felt fully competent to make the economic survey of Argentina's wheat resources and indicate the capacity and location of the elevators to handle grain production to the best advantage, but it should be understood that ~~X~~ my knowledge of elevator construction was superficial and derived solely from having inspected a number of them in my own country. Then he read to me a letter from an Argentine consular official in Canada listing the qualifications of a Canadian builder of elevators and asked my opinion. I said that it looked very promising to me. I left with him the memorandum I had prepared. He promised to cable his government the same day and to communicate to me any decision that might be reached. I was disappointed that the inquiry was so indefinite but was encouraged to believe that if the Argentine government decided to employ such an expert I would get the contract.

Wife could not find Emma Burton and we returned without her. I had trouble with my eyes facing the sun all the way out and was very tired from the nervous strain of driving through traffic in Washington and Frederick.

Tuesday, 31 Oct.; clear and warm. We left at 9.15 a.m. for another trip to Washington, arriving at 11 a.m. Wife joined Emma Burton at Woodward & Lothrop's on F Street.

I went to the Cosmos Club to read the morning papers. Then walked to the Harrington Hotel to attend the weekly luncheon of the Farm Hands Club where I met many friends and acquaintances. Mr. Dunlap said he had just returned from a visit to his farm in Ohio where everybody was criticising the recovery administration. Duvel said our wheat stocks were still very large and the price was coming down.

I got away at 2 p.m. and walked first to Stoneleigh Court and then to the garage where the car was parked. Wife and Emma were already there. We brought Emma out with us and reached home at 4 p.m. The sun was very trying on my eyes both going and coming. Wearing colored glasses outdoors. Troubled with blind spots both in reading and looking.

Wednesday, 1 Nov.; a lovely summer day. After breakfast did some writing. Wife and Emma walked with me to the mail box. Read the mail. After luncheon took Emma and wife for a ride to the Fishing Creek Reservoir and the forestry camp of civilian employees. The last mile was rough and the road narrow. The reservoir lies in a hollow between wooded ridges and is held by an artificial dam. The water looked very dark in color because of its depth and deep shade. The trees about it were rich in autumn colors. The forestry camp was made up of a few rude buildings in the nature of barracks. We stopped in town for groceries. Had intended to take mother and sister on this trip but they had gone to town.

Thursday, 2 Nov.; fog, haze, and cooler. Got the mail and read it. Cut some flower stems in the orchard piece. Did some typing in the afternoon. A lady and some children called for some chrysanthemums and ^I gave them all they could carry for fifty cents. Sandy, our dog, was much puzzled over a little muff of a dog the children had.

Friday, 3 Nov.; fog and haze. Started a fire in the furnace. Took wife and Emma to town on a shopping expedition. Had oysters for supper. Sleepy all day. Received a copy of the "New Encyclopedia" which I had ordered, thinking it might be useful, but was disappointed in it because of it's incompleteness. It had no reference to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. Received a long letter from Mr. Lubin.

Saturday, 4 Nov.; clear and cold. Wheat beginning to come up although it has had no rain since it was sown. Cut some peony tops and did some typing. Catherine Masser brought over some delicious celery. Wife and Emma cleaning house.

Sunday, 5 Nov.; cloudy, cold, rain, ice. Slept well and up earlier than usual. Made fires and brought in an armful of chrysanthemums. Visited the family at Winworth. Wife and Emma cooking and making cakes. Began to rain in the evening and to freeze so that everything was covered with a coating of ice.

Monday, 6 Nov.; rain and sleet last night; cloudy and thawing today. After breakfast we walked about to see the beautiful covering of ice on twigs and foliage before it melted. A row of wild asters near the grape arbor was especially beautiful, like silver filigree work. Felt like writing about it but did not because I knew I would get no pay for my trouble. Got the mail, read it, and did some typing.

Tuesday, 7 Nov.; ~~Took~~ cloudy and cold. Took wife and Emma to town about noon, did some shopping, and then went to a delightful picture show with Elsie Gaynor in it. Did some shopping and returned shortly after 4 o'clock.

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4828

Wednesday, 8 Nov.; cloudy and cold. Yesterday I got a certificate of inspection for the sedan. Today I took the truck in for the same purpose. Upon returning did some odd jobs and read the mail. After noon I drove over to see Willie Masser and get him to make the new steps for me at the lower place. So cold outdoors that it was a comfort to stay in a warm house. Emma busy sewing for wife. Stopped at Winworth to invite the folks to take luncheon with us tomorrow.

Thursday, 9 Nov.; cloudy and cold. After breakfast took Emma to town for shopping and supplies. We were back shortly after 11 o'clock. About 1 p.m. sister, mother, and Eunice, came and sat with me in the Whippoorwill until luncheon was served at 2 p.m. Did not feel like running a typewriter today. Beginning to wonder if I would hear anything from the Argentine Embassy.

Friday, 10 Nov.; clear and cold. While shaving a Mr. Wiles came to ask permission to haul wood from a lot back of the ridge across to the lower side of the narcissus field. I readily consented on his promise to be careful about cutting up the land. Billie came after breakfast and I set him to cutting down the locust trees that had been tilted part way over by the great storm. Took the pickup to town for an inspection certificate and brought out groceries. Did some typewriting. Emma making a dress for wife.

Saturday, 11 Nov.; cloudy and cold. Armistice Day and many celebrations. Billie finished the trees near the buildings and began clearing them from the stone row between the narcissus field and the hillside meadow. The electricians came to put in some kind of a new meter. I did some typewriting.

Sunday, 12 Nov.; cloudy forenoon and clear afternoon. At 11 a.m. took wife and Emma to Frederick. Emma left on the bus for Washington. We were much disappointed at her leaving so soon. We suspected it was for the purpose of keeping house for her cousin Mortimer so that

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4829

his hysterical wife could spend her time in visiting relatives. We missed her greatly because she fits so well into our life here and wife is happier when she is with us.

Upon our return I made a fire in the Whippoorwill and did some writing. Emory ~~S~~line came and sat quite awhile. In the morning before I was dressed a small man dressed in a leather jacket came to the back door. He had an impediment in his speech so that I could not understand what he was trying to say. Some of it sounded like Italian but when I spoke to him in Italian he shook his head. All I could understand was that he lived back in the mountain and wanted some plants that would give flowers next spring for his wife. I asked Emory about him and he said he had heard of him and that he was halfwitted and harmless.

(Otis, 12 Nov., brown fllder. ✓)

(Thelma, same. ✓)

(Lubin, same. ✓)

12 November 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I have your letter of October 28 and inclosure of October 25, both of which I have read with interest.

"Your comments on the criticisms set forth in my former letter are quite O.K. and fully understood.

"Your paper of the 25th is also understood and appreciated. I fully agree, because you have expressed so well my own thought and feeling since I went to Europe in 1920 and to South America in 1923.

"Just a word of caution, which you can keep to yourself, regarding your statement, 'complementary seasons and natural resources, north and south of the Equator, lend themselves admirably to commercial interchange.' That statement is, of course, absolutely true; yet it has limitations.

"After two years in South America I returned at the end of 1924 quite enthusiastic over the idea, just as you have expressed it, but when I discussed it with our people in the U.S. Department of Agriculture they quite properly pointed out that, except for coffee, rubber, quebracho, bananas, some minerals, and a few other things, the U.S. produces surplusses of everything else, and that a sufficient supply of perishables--vegetables and fruits, dairy products, meats, etc., ~~which~~ are carried over in cold storage from one season to another, so that similar products cannot be admitted to the U.S. without detriment to our own industries. It is largely so, which accounts for the very natural disappointment of our Latin American friends. I mention this simply that you may keep it in mind. It's a good talking point that has an appeal because it is obvious--but the bursting warehouses of the U.S. are not so obvious although they constitute an insuperable barrier.

12 November 1955

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I have your letter of October 28 and inclosure of October

28, both of which I have read with interest.

"Your comments on the criticisms set forth in my former

letter are quite O.K. and fully understood.

"Your paper of the 28th is also understood and appreciated.

I fully agree, because you have expressed so well my own thoughts

and feeling since I went to Europe in 1950 and to South America

in 1955.

"Just a word of caution, which you can keep to yourself, re-

garding your statement, 'complementary seasons and natural resources,

north and south of the equator, lend themselves admirably to commercial

interchange.' That statement is, of course, absolutely true; yet

it has limitations.

"After two years in South America I returned at the end of

1954 quite enthusiastic over the idea, just as you have expressed it,

but when I discussed it with our people in the U.S. Department of Agri-

culture they quite properly pointed out that, except for coffee, rub-

ber, guano, bananas, some minerals, and a few other things, the

U.S. produces surpluses of everything else, and that a sufficient

supply of perishable-vegetables and fruits, dairy products, meats,

etc., ~~which~~ are carried over in cold storage from one season to another

or, so that similar products cannot be admitted to the U.S. without

detrimnt to our own industries. It is largely so, which accounts

for the very natural disappointment of our Latin American friends.

I mention this simply that you may keep it in mind. It's a good

telling point that has an appeal because it is obvious--but the

burdening warehouses of the U.S. are not so obvious although they con-

stitute an insuperable barrier.

"The entire subject is interesting and fascinating. Reciprocity in trade has a tremendous appeal--but involves all sorts of difficulties. Exchange agricultural products grown in different seasons on both sides of the Equator. Good--but it means direct competition with American agriculture. Manufacturers are glad to fill large orders for spinning and shoemaking machinery to South America, and South America immediately begins to manufacture its own cloth and shoes. Same as between Great Britain and India, etc. Every move that is made has far-reaching and unforeseen consequences. Are tariff barriers to be set up for revenue only, or for protection. Is all humanity one big family with common interests and rights, or must society continue to regard everything from the purely national organization basis? No doubt you have thought these questions out--but how many other people have? And it is the aggregate of these other people that have the determining voice. That is why President Wilson met with disaster and the League of Nations has so far accomplished so little.

"In spite of these suggestions I am an invincible American optimist, just as you are. When I think of the transformation Mussolini has wrought in Italy in a few years, and Kemal Pasha in Turkey, the last about as hopeless a proposition as one can think of, and when I think of the revolution in women's dress and manners in this puritanical and intolerant country that has occurred within the last twenty years, I think all things are possible when the right time comes, the psychological moment--just like the reception at Washington last week of an official representative of the Soviet government.

"Well, the subject is, as I have said, interesting and fascinating and one could reason about it and write about it indefinitely. But my time is limited. If I do not answer your communications more promptly or satisfactorily, it is because I am pounding away on a worn-out typewriter trying to get out a certain number of pages daily--

with the innumerable interruptions of daily life on a farm--compared to which office~~l~~ life is simplicity itself.

"As an item of possible interest, I recently had a long distance call from the Department of Agriculture to the effect that a South American government wanted a man from the United States to make an agricultural survey for a public works program and that I had been suggested. An interview with the ambassador was arranged and I learned from him that he had an inquiry from his minister of griculture. He said he would cable his minister that same day and telegraph me as to any decision that might be reached. I have heard nothing since, so the matter is still in the air. In the event anything should materialize from the inquiry I might ^{have} ~~have~~ opportunities to promote the interests of the Pan American Institute of Reciprocal Trade. However, after my farming experience in Texas and here I never count on anything until it actually happens, and therefore am seldom disappointed. The chances are that for some months I shall continue the daily grind of turning out so many pages of manuscript.

"With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4830

Monday, 13 Nov.; cloudy and cold with shower in the afternoon. Drove to town to leave laundry and typewriter to be ^Prepaired and had a haircut. Willie Masser came shortly after noon and I took him to the lower place to make a new set of steps to the veranda. Read the mail. A letter from Otis said he wanted to come back. He thought he could get a job in York, Pennsylvania, and live with Ethel's sister. The wheat at the lower place was sprouting but not showing green yet. The lawn grass seed sown on Observatory Hill beginning to look green.

Tuesday, 14 Nov.; snowing a little and cold. We had intended to drive to Washington and were up early, but it ~~was~~ snowing so steadily we gave it up. I got in some wood and made a fire at the Whippoorwill. Filing correspondence and papers. At noon took wife to town and we saw a picture show with Eddie Cantor as principal character. It was absurdly foolish but pretty. We brought out a supply of groceries with us.

Wednesday, 15 Nov.; clear and cold following a gale in the night. Drove to town for the typewriter. Mr. Davidge, the repairman, said he had been employed in typewriter factories for forty years.

I read the mail and cut some wood. Later writing letters.

(Dr. Espil, 15 Nov., brown folder)

15 November 1933.

Dear Mr. Espil:

"Two weeks have elapsed since our interview regarding the grain elevator project of Argentina. I had intended to call at the embassy to ask if anything had developed before this, but last week we had a visitor, the weather has been uncertain, and yesterday we had snow and heavy wind in the mountains. Also I did not wish to disturb you with either personal calls or letters, because I assumed that it was unnecessary and that you would advise me if anything of interest developed.

x x x x

"For this reason I would esteem it a favor if you would advise me, when you are in a position to do so, whether your government has decided to proceed with the project; whether I am being considered for the preliminary agricultural survey, or some one else has been engaged. In other words, if I am to go to Argentina again on an important mission I want to know it as soon as possible so that I can make the necessary arrangements; if not, please advise me at your earliest convenience so that I can cease thinking about it, because I find that I am thinking about it subconsciously. Please also have no hesitation in sending me negative news, because I am happily situated here. I am simply deeply interested in Argentina, and eager for a new assignment.

x x x x

"Pardon this reminiscence: Sr. Brebbia, Argentine Commercial Attache at Rome and Permanent Delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture, and I were friends. He many times thanked me for the detailed instructions I wrote for his guidance at the request of Dr. LeBreton--as some of the Argentine Consuls have done for similar instructions I prepared. Dr. Brebbia was especially pleased when I said

before an Assembly of the Institute that I had seen more pure bred beef cattle in one day in Argentina than I had seen in any other one country or group of countries anywhere in the world in a year.

"While I am about it I might as well report that Sr. Vallejo gave me a fine collection of lantern slides depicting Argentine agriculture. Soon after my return to Washington I used them in a public lecture on Argentina at the National Museum. Before starting out on my census mission I turned this collection of lantern slides over to the U.S. Department of Agriculture for safekeeping, reference, and future use. I should have reported this to you at the time, but I was exceedingly busy writing a bulletin on Argentina and preparing for the census mission. Since coming to my mountain retreat I have had many calls for lectures before many civic organizations and several times I have taken as my subject Argentina and tried to make my audience visualize the wonderful agricultural resources and situation of that great country. Also the U.S. Department of Agriculture still continues to refer to me correspondence and inquiries relating to agriculture in Argentina, which I answer as best I can, and always refer them to the Argentine Embassy and the Pan American Union for further information. I mention this simply for your information.

x x x x

"Again I wish you, the Argentine Embassy, y La Republica Argentina, the best of fortune.

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4831

Thursday, 16 Nov.; cloudy and cold. Before breakfast took X letters to the mailbox, including one to Dr. Espil which I wrote last night. Read the mail, cut some wood, and did some writing. The ground ^{was} ~~is~~ frozen hard. It has been more than three weeks since any rain ^{fell} ~~has fallen~~ and the wheat ^{was} ~~is~~ suffering. Our well-cistern getting low because in the summer months most of the water from the roof ran into the cellar and was lost.

Friday, 17 0 Nov.; clear and cold. Took wife to town in the afternoon for laundry and groceries and back at 3 p.m. Did some typewriting. Walked to the narcissus patch to see how Billie was ^oprogressing with clearing the fence row. Lowell Thomas said over the radio that the President had announced that Russia would be recognized. Perhaps it is just as well, ~~pro~~ provided the immigration quota for that country is kept to a minimum and no loans are ~~made~~ made to it. They are bad citizens and the country is without conscience when it comes to recognizing debt^s or social obligations.

Saturday, 18 Nov.; cloudy and gloomy. After breakfast made fires, brought in wood, got and read mail, put up a feed box for birds, and sowed some timothy seed in low places and washouts. Did some writing. It has been a gloomy day, dark, still, and air seems stagnant.

Sunday, 19 Nov.; cloudy and gloomy. Before I was up a Mr. Kintz called to see if I would let him have some down-wood for his mother. I told him where he could find some but would not dress hurriedly just to show him where it was. Drove down to Winworth to see mother and sister. Soon after I returned Prof. Hay and his wife called. It was 4.30 p.m. when they left. Did a little typewriting.

Monday, 20 Nov.; a lovely day. Lewis and Billie hauling up wood with Leslie Masser's team. Did some odd jobs and some typing.

Thursday, 16 Nov.: cloudy and cold. Before breakfast took letters to the mailbox, including one to Dr. Egall which I wrote last night. Read the mail, cut some wood, and did some writing. The ground is frozen hard. It has been more than three weeks since any rain has fallen and the wheat is suffering. Our well-water is getting low because in the summer months most of the water from the well ran into the cellar and was lost.

Friday, 17 Nov.: clear and cold. Took wife to town in the afternoon for laundry and groceries and back at 3 p.m. Did some typewriting. Walked to the harness patch to see how Billie was preparing with clearing the fence row. Lowell Thomas said over the radio that the President had announced that Russia would be recognized. Perhaps it is just as well, he provided the information that that country is kept to a minimum and no loans are made to it. They are bad citizens and the country is without commerce when it comes to recommending debt or social obligations.

Saturday, 18 Nov.: cloudy and gloomy. After breakfast made fire, brought in wood, got and read mail, put up a feed box for birds, and sowed some timothy seed in low places and washouts. Did some writing. It has been a gloomy day, dark, still, and air seems stagnant.

Sunday, 19 Nov.: cloudy and gloomy. Before I was up a Mr. [name] called to see if I would let him have some down-wood for his mother. I told him where he could find some but would not dress hurriedly just to show him where it was. Drove down to [name] to see mother and sister. Soon after I returned Prof. Ray and his wife called. It was 4.30 p.m. when they left. Did a little typewriting. Monday, 20 Nov.: a lovely day. Lewis and Billie handling up wood with Leslie [name] team. Did some odd jobs and some typing.

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4832

Tuesday, 21 Nov.; another lovely day. Did the morning chores, brought in some chrysanthemums, and wrote some letters. Had a letter from the Argentine Ambassador saying my letter of last week had been forwarded to the Minister of Agriculture at Buenos Aires. A letter from Otis said nothing about what he was doing or his prospects for employment.

(Thelma, 21 Nov. *✓* brown folder.

(Otis, same. *✓*

(Olsen, same. *omit*

Tuesday, 11 Nov.: another lovely day. Did the morning chores, brought in some chrysanthemums, and wrote some letters. Had a letter from the Argentine Ambassador saying my letter of last week had been forwarded to the Minister of Agriculture at Buenos Aires. A letter from Otto said nothing about what he was doing or his prospects for employment.

(Thurs., 11 Nov. Brown folder)

(Ott., same)

(Ott., same)

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4833

Wednesday, 22 Nov.; clear and warm. Took wife to town and ~~she~~ sent a money order for fifteen dollars to Otis. It was the rent from the lower house. Wife also had me buy a money order for five dollars which she wished to send to Otis. It was the money Emma Burton had refused to accept for making her a dress. At 3.45 p.m. we went to Winworth and had supper with sister and mother. Both were looking well but sister beginning to get stout. Had a letter from Mr. Lubin.

Thursday, 23 Nov.; partly cloudy and warmer. Slept late and had breakfast at 11 a.m. Read the mail and cut four rows of chrysanthemums which were woody and hard. Then resumed typewriting. Have nearly 2,000 pages which brings me to my European mission.

Friday, 24 Nov.; cloudy and ~~at~~ cold. Went to town for the laundry. Bought a cheap knife in the ten cent store and a ream of typewriting paper. Made fires, read the mail, and did some typing. Guy McKenzie brought up his saw mill during the afternoon.

Saturday, 25 Nov.; clear and pleasant. We were up at 8 am. expecting the men to saw wood. I went out before breakfast and found Lewis and Billie waiting and set them to cutting chrysanthemum stalks. Guy and one helper came at 9 o'clock and soon afterwards started the saw. They finished at 4 p.m. Wife went to a good deal of trouble cooking a nice dinner for the men. It is curious how old customs persist, such as feeding laborers at threshing and woodsawing time, when the same laborers do not expect it when they are employed by the day at other work. This woodpile cost me more than several tons of coal, although it was my wood that was cut, hauled, and sawn, and was not worth as much as the coal I could have bought for the same money delivered in the cellar. I did some typing during the day.

Sunday, 26 Nov.; clear morning but cloudy, showers, and wind after noon. Made fires and took the screen doors off kitchen and

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4834

dining room doors, and searched for a scythe Lewis had ^{lost.} ~~been losing~~. After noon visited the family at Winworth. Rest of day typewriting.. I am simply typéing the diary material in order to have the short-hand account in type, with a simple reference to the letters by name and date to be copied later if I decide to use them.

Monday, 27 Nov.; clear and cold. Drove to town with laundry and brought back groceries. Brought in wood, read the mail, and did some typing.

Wife thinking strenuously about taking Thanksgiving dinner in some other city and has called up the railway and bus stations for timetables. Said she did not want to go to the Francis Scott Key Hotel as I had proposed.

Tuesday, 28 Nov.; clear and mild. Did the regular chores, cut some more chrysanthemum stalks and then typewriting. It was such a pleasant day that I wanted to take wife for a ride but did not because of my desire to keep plugging away at the typewriting job. Have an enormous quantity of material and the only way to get it typed is to stick to it. Have reached Dec. and Jan. 1925-26.

Wednesday, 29 Nov.; clear and pleasant. After the chores and reading mail began typewriting. Had Lewis putting wood into the cellar and at the Whippoorwill. Wife brought over a pitcher of hot chocolate in the afternoon. She wanted to know why, instead of writing so much detail, I did not simply write out the most interesting incidents as a book. I replied that it would be difficult for me to do that unless I first wrote all the detail so that it would be readily available.

Thursday, 30 Nov.; clear, warm, with haze. Wife wanted to take Thanksgiving dinner in Baltimore or Washington but could not get ready before noon and I refused to take a long trip in the afternoon and drive back after dark on account of my eyes. The result

(1933, Nov. S.H.)

E--4835

was that we finally decided to go to the Francis Scott Key as I had first proposed. She said she wanted to see Mrs. ^Cline so we drove out to their house near the Church of God. Also we wanted to see Yellow Springs but could not identify it. We had a very nice dinner at the hotel and were back by 6.30 p.m.

It has been an extraordinarily cold and dry month.

Friday, 1 Dec.; clear and colder. Could not sleep last night and sat up until 6 a.m. reading Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives Tales," which pleased me greatly. Went to bed and slept until 8.30 a.m. While dressing Mrs. Sheets called up to say that the woods at the lower corner of our place were on fire, but that men were already on their way to help put it out. I went to town for laundry and groceries. Picked up Mr. ^Cline who said the conservation corps men were clearing out the road on High Knob. I stopped at the lower place and could see smoke rolling down the hill. Mrs. Sheets said ~~about~~ about a hundred men were fighting the fire. Because so ^{many} ~~men~~ men were already there I did not go to the fire. I picked up a man on the road who said he was in charge of three truck loads of the Conservation Corps men who were picking up stones on the road and clearing away brush on the sides. He said his crew had been over to help put out the fire, that it had burned over about three acres, and was within thirty feet of my place. Typing in the afternoon. Have got as far as Palermo early in 1926.

Saturday, 2 Dec.; clear and cool. Fixed fires, swept out the Whippoorwill, painted joints in metal roof over bathroom, and cleaned out the gutters at the Cricket House. I had finished and just sat down to read when Walker Chapman came with one of his fellow clerks from Washington. This young man said he was born in New Mexico, had studied law, intended to practice law in the City of Mexico, where he had been as a boy. I gave them some wine and then took them over

(1933, Dec. S.H.)

E--4836

to visit with my wife. They remained with us until after 5 p.m. After they left I read the papers and had supper. Did some typing in the evening.

Sunday, 3 Dec.; threatening rain. Did some typing and then drove to Winworth to visit mother, sister, Eunice and Charlie. Asked sister^r to tell Billie to bring back my axe and have Lewis tell Leslie to bring back the check reins he borrowed. More typing after I returned.

Monday, 4 Dec.; clear and warm. Got the mail and read it. Mrs. Sheets brought up the rent for the previous month. Lewis spent the afternoon bringing in wood. I followed some wagon tracks down the road in front of my place until I saw that they passed beyond my land. This road was in bad condition and so rarely used that I was curious to see if some one had been trespassing.

Tuesday, 5 Dec.; Dense heavy fog all day. Read the mail and run the typewriter. Sent a letter to Mr. Sheets about the delay in paying his rent. Had a letter from Otis acknowledging receipt of the money I sent him and saying he had applied for relief. A letter from Thelma was full of reproaches about the tone of my last letter. She has a most unfortunate disposition and resents advice or comment of any kind. Have been living over again life in the early months of 1926 in Rome, a happy period.

Wednesday, 6 Dec.; cloudy. In the mail was a nice letter from Mrs. Sauter, my former secretary in Rome who married an elderly German artist, saying they had given up their rooms in Rome and gone to live in Bavaria and that they had bought a piece of ground and were building a little house on it in a beautiful section of the country.

Shortly after noon took wife to town and we went to a picture show. It was spoiled by too many pathetic scenes. Left application

(1933, Dec. S.H.)

E--4837

for auto tags with the secretary of the automobile club. We had a nice steak and some fresh doughnuts for supper. It was a gloomy day and I accomplished nothing in the way of typewriting.

Thursday, 7 Dec.; clear, frosty, pleasant day. While eating breakfast at 11 a.m. Catherine Masser came over to visit wife. Had trouble with a smoking stove in the Whippoorwill, partly due to green wood and partly to atmospheric conditions. Had a plumber out to clean out the hotwater tank attached to the furnace. Did some typewriting after I got the stove to heating properly.

Friday, 8 Dec.; cloudy and frosty. Went to town for groceries. Typewriting the rest of the day. Catherine helping wife clean house. I was very sleepy after supper.

Saturday, 9 Dec.; clear and cold. White frost in the morning. Spent the day typewriting.

Sunday, 10 Dec.; clear and cold; beginning to snow late afternoon. Visited mother and sister at Winworth. Soon after returning a Mr. and Mrs. Heck of Martinsburg, friends of Eunice and Charlie, came. After they left Mr. Price brought two of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Osmis, and they stayed until after 10 p.m. It was snowing then. Had no opportunity to talk with Mr. Price alone.

Monday, 11 Dec.; clear; snow last night drifting; very cold. Went to town in the sedan with laundry and to make some purchases. Had trouble on steep grades coming out. The wheels spun around and the car drifted. I had to get out and put on the chains. My fingers got very cold and were painful for more than an hour. Had a good fire in the Whippoorwill in the afternoon and got along nicely with typewriting. Thermometer down to eighteen degrees at supper time.

Tuesday, 12 Dec.; clear and cold. Lost one of the chains from the car yesterday and could not find it on the road today. Had a letter from Mary Worthington whom I met on the voyage from Capetown

to Santos in 1928. Spent the afternoon writing letters. One was to Mr. Peek asking for employment.

~~(Peek, 12 Dec. brown folder.)~~ omit

(Otis, same. ✓)

Thelma, same. ✓

(Mrs. Sauter, same. ✓)

12 December 1933.

"Dear Mrs. Sauter:

"Your letter of November 24 came two days ago. I was glad to hear from you and your husband. I often think of you. I am glad you are out of Rome. I love Rome and the Italian people, but I am convinced that no one of Teutonic descent can ever feel quite at home in a Latin country. I appreciate the photograph you sent. It shows a landscape much like Frederick Valley and Catoctin Mountain where we are--and our neighbors are mostly second and third generation Germans with many of the traditions and customs of the old country. I am glad that you and your husband are enjoying the experience of ownership of a piece of land and of building a house on it for your own occupancy. It's a wonderful experience, usually costs more than one plans and involves much anxiety, but is worth it all when it is finished. I wish you much joy in it. I hope you have a good ~~w~~ water supply, a tight roof, and install an adequate heating plant. Remember the heating plant in the Casetta?--50% more than the Institute wanted. In the house here I did the same thing, 50% more than the plumber said was enough--and now we are as warm as toast in the coldest weather.

"You hint at misunderstanding and hostility of and to Germany. Yes, more than you have any conception of. Propaganda, of course, just as unjust and preposterous as we swallowed during the great war. Now it's suppression of the press, of human liberty, of freedom of worship, persecution of the Jews just because they are Jews, and organization of another purely arbitrary and militaristic government with the avowed purpose of starting another world war. That's what we read in the newspapers. But, we Americans learned many things during and following the world war, and one was to deduct about ninety per cent from all propaganda. Also, a very large percentage of our population and neighbors are of German descent. Furthermore, we, most

of us, have learned to distinguish between Prussians and their haughty, overbearing, domineering, utterly selfish blockhead stupidity, and the rest of the German nation, who are human, kindly, constructive, artistic, lovers of nature and beauty, and good neighbors. Also we don't love the Jews any more than the Germans or anybody else. They are a separate and distinct race, no matter if they do change their names. A small and select group are an ornament to the human race of which any nation might be proud--artists, statesmen, authors, prophets--but the average run of them are dispicable in their lives, manners, and methods. So, my dear, don't worry about what America thinks of the German people, no matter what you read in the press.

"As for the U.S.A., after a wild and hilarious orgie it is taking its medicine in true Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic style and is correspondingly in the dumps, exactly as Germany, Great Britain and other countries did, and will come out of it with flying colors. It still has more of anything than any other country, including unemployment and disillusionment. Just now we are trying to abolish poverty and the roots of poverty, redistribute prosperity, bring about social justice, and wipe out all trace of slums in cities, and give farmers a square deal. In a year we are trying to plant larger areas in forest trees than all Europe did in the last century, build more good roads than the rest of the world constructed in 2,000 years, and develop more hydro-electric power than in all the rest of the world, and incidentally an array of great public buildings are under construction in Washington that will rival anything in other countries that took centuries of taxation of poor people to build. Also our government has started out to play the monetary game that all other countries played by choice or necessity after the war, deflating their currencies to gain foreign trade in the competitive markets

of the world, the game played so successfully by Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, other European countries, and Japan. So far all goes well and we are all optimistic enough to believe that things will go even better later on after we learn the rules of the game. After all our selfimposed regime is very similar to that of in Germany, Italy, Turkey, and Russia, only we call it by different names--with this difference, ours is founded on public opinion, educated public opinion, and comes from below, whereas theirs^s comes from^{above} and is imposed upon whole populations, unless ~~it~~ possibly it be in Germany. Really, we are passing through one of the most interesting and fascinating periods of American history. I'm only sorry I got out of the public service just as the fireworks began to go off.

"We are living peacefully and comfortably at Sunny Hill, the ever-beautiful. Captain Jinks and Kittiwinks have both grown up, married, and are now in California. Kittiwinks has a beautiful boy ~~boy~~ baby, two years old, and is expecting another--which I have taken the liberty of christening Seraphina Angelica, although it may prove to be the other kind, Masculino diabolico, and composed of snails and puppy dog tails, instead of spice and everything nice. Who knows, Quien sabe?

"As for myself, I'm sitting plugging away on the typewriter at my reminiscences, which is a rather long story because I did see and hear a lot in my travels that interested me and may interest other people. We still have the beauty of a wonderful landscape day by day, books and magazines, news and music over the radio. Just now I happen to be reading Arnold Bennet's 'Old Wives Tales,' a masterpiece. If you havn't read it you have a treat in store for you.

"If it were not for the ridiculous customs barriers I would like to send you a collection of plants for your garden, peonies,

iris, and other things. A little garden will open a whole new world to you, and your situation and climate should be favorable.

"My kindest regards to Mr. Sauter. Always I think of him as a beautiful character and envy him his ability to express beauty in permanent form. I say this as a lover of beauty and as one who has inspected most of the art galleries of the world--in search of beauty. I think his black and white drawings of prominent European personages the best I have seen. I wish he might sit opposite me in Whippoorwill Lodge and smoke a cigar and sip some of my wine with me. May he live long and paint pictures that will live as other famous pictures have lived.

"Write when you feel like it. Holiday greetings.

Sincerely,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Dec. S.H.)

E--4839

Wednesday, 13 Dec.; cloudy, snow on the ground, cold.

Took wife to town for Christmas shopping. Among other things I bought a new pair of chains for the car. Went to the postoffice to get money orders, \$10 for Otis and \$5 for Thelma. Then I sat for two hours in the car nearly freezing but expecting wife to return every minute. Stopped at Winworth and mother gave us some nice doughnuts she had made. It was after 4 p.m. when we returned and the fires were low. Had a nice letter from Emma Burton.

Thursday, 14 Dec.; fair and cold. Carried a lot of ashes out of the cellar. Got mail and read it. Typewriting all afternoon. Wife busy all day and looked tired.

Friday, 15 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Took wife and sister to town on a shopping trip in the afternoon.

Saturday, 16 Dec.; warmer and showers during the night. House too ~~warm~~[^] last night and could not sleep. Read until 6 a.m. and slept to ~~7~~⁹ o'clock. Got mail at noon and typing afternoon.

Sunday, 17 Dec.; showers in the night and fog all day. Did the chores and typewriting all afternoon and evening.

Monday, 18 Dec.; foggy. Reading most of the night because I could not sleep. Billie splitting stove wood. Read the mail and typing. After supper wife and I laid down in the little front room and slept soundly until 9 p.m.

(Emma Burton, 18 Dec., brown ~~✓~~ folder.)

(1933, Dec. S.H.)

E;;4840

Tuesday, 19 Dec.; cloudy. Rent from Washington came today. Took wife to town for Christmas shopping. I bought a number of trifles. Stopped at Winworth to see mother and sister and to leave five dollars for Lewis's Christmas.

We got back at 4.30 p.m. As we stopped to close the entrance gate an old Ford coupe with three young men in it dashed up, stopped, and tried to turn about. One of the young men got out and was very surley, barely acknowledging my greeting. They all kept their faces concealed. The license plate was concealed. I did not wait to see them go but they left soon after we reached the barn. After unloading our purchases I walked back as far as the mail box to see if these suspicious characters were still hanging around, but they had gone.

Wednesday

~~Sunday~~, 20 Dec.; showers and fog. Read the mail and then began typewriting. Have reached Constantinople in 1926. Several Christmas cards came. Wife had a telephone call that Mrs. Yost, her half-sister in Washington, was very ill and not expected to live.

Thursday, 21 Dec.; clear, cold, high wind. Because wife wanted ^{to} clean the large room in the Whippoorwill and substitute a small stove for the ^{ar}large one I could do no writing until afternoon. Billie was helping her and they got through about 3.30 p.m. and then I set him to putting straw over the pansy plants and other things. Mother and sister came up in the afternoon for some ~~boxes~~ books. Catherine Masser brought back some books she had borrowed.

Friday, 22 Dec.; a beautiful warm day. In the afternoon we drove to town. While wife was shopping I went to Dr. Crist and had my eyes tested for a new pair of glasses. He said the trouble was a weakening of the ancilliary muscles. It was nearly five o'clock when we returned.

Saturday, 23 Dec.; clear and pleasant. Christmas cards coming

(1933, Dec. S.H.)

E--4841

from many people, but we were sending none. Had Billie clearing up the gardens. Typewriting in the afternoon.

Sunday, 24 Dec.; clear and warm. Spent two hours with the family at Winworth. All looking well. For the first time in many years they had agreed among themselves not to give any Christmas presents. I was back at 2 o'clock and spent the afternoon typewriting.

It was a lovely day outdoors but the weather prediction was for rain tonight and snow tomorrow. By 7 p.m. the wind was rising.

Monday, 25 Dec.; clear and cool. Slept late. Wife spent the day cleaning house. I was typewriting. We exchanged some cheap presents. At 6 o'clock we drove to town and had supper in the restaurant of the Francis Scott Key Hotel. Both the manager and the chief steward looked very glum. The manger said the NRA was costing the hotel \$250 a week and they had applied for relief.

It was a long, lonely Christmas, especially for wife. I had my typewriting of reminiscences to interest me and radio music to enjoy, but she does not like the radio and she cannot read all the time. She misses companionship of other women to talk to. Hoping that by next Christmas we may be in town.

Tuesday, 26 Dec.; snowing and cold. We had intended to drive to Washington but the snow prevented. Wife telephoned to Washington and learned that Mrs. Yost was resting comfortably. I ran the typewriter until 3 p.m. and then waded through the snow to the mail box. Had a letter from Otis saying he had some work.

Wednesday, 27 Dec.; clear and cold; six above. Took some time to heat the houses up even with roaring fires. Typewriting in the afternoon. Cleared snow away from the front of the garage and the entrance gate. Now writing about Berlin, July, 1926.

Thursday, 28 Dec.; very cold. Started the motor of the sedan with hot water and drove to town for the new glasses I had ordered

(1933, Dec. SMHM.)

E--4842

the previous week. They were an improvement over the old glasses for long distance but not so good for reading. I may have to get special glasses for reading. I brought out supplies. Stopped at Winworth and found mother and sister a little depressed. Had letters from Thelma and Ethel. Ethel thought Otis had a prospect of permanent employment. The little stove that wife had put up in the Whippoorwill proved inadequate. Spent the afternoon reading newspapers.

Friday, 29 Dec.; clear and cold. Telephoned to sister to see if she needed anything. Also to Frederick for some coal. Four degrees above, although the weather prediction was for warmer. Between tending fires I did some typewriting. Had a letter from Mr. Kaufman of Sacramento.

Saturday, 30 Dec.; clear and cold; 2 degrees above. Brought back the large sheet iron stove for the Whippoorwill and kept the place nice and warm all day. Read the mail and typewriting letters. Let the dogs spend the day with me in the Whippoorwill.

(Mrs. Kernan, 30 Dec., brown folder) ✓

(Sra. Scolari, same. ✓

(Frank Andrews, same. ✓

(Kaufman, same. ✓

(Lubin, same. ✓

30 December 1933.

"My dear Mrs. Gray:

"On the chance of this reaching you I am addressing it to the postmark on the envelope bringing your welcome Christmas card.

"Greetings. That little missive tells me that your star is still shining brightly and that you have not forgotten Rome of golden memory.

"I wonder if the sun is shining and if it's really warm in Florida right now? Did I ever tell you about the little old lady from New Jersey that called at my office in Washington one beautiful spring day in April on her way back from Florida? I think not, but I always think of her when I think of Florida. All her life she had hated the cold winters of New Jersey ~~ad~~ and longed to spend a winter in Florida because her friends had bragged to her about how warm, and balmy, and bright, and pleasant, and lovely Florida was in winter. In old age the time came when she could realize her dream of a winter in Florida. She went there in November and came back the last of March. I asked her if it really was nice~~d~~ and warm in Florida in the winter and did it come up to her expectations. Her eyes blazed for a moment and then began to shed tears of vexation. 'No, no, no,' she replied, 'it was cold most of the time; the houses had cracks in them through which blew the cold winds, there were no fires, and not enough blankets on the bed. It was horrible. It was the coldest winter I have spent in seventy years. And all the time I wished I was back in my cozy, warm house in New Jersey.'

"How about the Big Bad Wolf on Catoctin Mountain? Well, he and his are snug. Outside is a beautiful blanket of snow. My Max. and Min. Thermometer showed 2 degrees above last night and ⁸/₄ degrees at 11 a.m. today. And, Oh Boy, the house is warm enough for a nudist colony. You see, having grown up in Texas I have always been sensitive

to cold and suffered much from cold in my travels, even under the Equator. When I had the heating plant installed in Sunny Hill House three years ago and the heating expert submitted his figures based on exposed surfaces of walls and windows I said 'Now just double the capacity of that heating plant and go ahead and install it.' Now, we ~~we~~ are getting dividends on that investment in the form of ample heat, with a good reserve to spare, and I chuckle every time I think of it, and my troupe of Sunny Hill Fairies dance a ring-around-a-rosy and sing 'Foresight, foresight, He's right, He's right, Hoop-la, Hoop-la, Cherio, Cherio,' and much else to the tune of a Gypsy waltz coming over the radio. This, however, is in the Whippoorwill Lodge, the stone cabin, heated with a big sheet iron stove, where I lay up for the day and part of the night and tickle my trusty typewriter. In front of the stove lie two dogs with their heads on their paws and dreaming of summer moonlight nights. So far as they are now concerned all the rabbits and other varmints on Catoclin can come and look in the window if they want to and they will not disturb them. And then there are four wonderful bobtailed cats, sixteen guineas, some chickens, Kentucky cardinals, sparrows, quail, and starlings, to keep us company.

"Last night I finished the 2000th page of those precious 'Reminiscences' with as much more to come, a sort of modern Pepys, but with many names changed.

"This was to have been a one-page letter, a simple note of acknowledgment, but look at the number at the top of this page. Again I am the victim of my besetting sin. But there are extenuating circumstances. After grinding out page after page of 'Reminiscences' and having a good time doing it, to write a letter to a friend, an unofficial nonbusiness letter, is a sort of holiday spree.

"The year 1933 was tremendously interesting from the Washington end, although I am entirely out of it and at my mountain retreat depend

upon the steady stream of official documents that pour in, the newspapers and the radio. Many's the laugh I have at the selfcomplacent economists who are all right as fatt-finders but purblind when it comes to human sentiment and psychology; and the selfconfident but much befuddled professors whose minds have had contact only with immature flamboyant youth; but here, as in Soviet, reptilian, proletarian Russia, and arbitrary Facisti Italy, and dictatorial Turkey, the trend is in the right direction, humanitarian betterment of living conditions, a gradual adjustment between the heaven of riches and the hell f of poverty, a painful readjustment, but one in which the end may justify the means.

"Buono. Your note promised a letter to follow. I shall look for it. What's happened to La R. dei Cuore since I last heard from her? Did the bridge prove a cantilever or a suspension? How's the Crown Prince? What's become of Catherine of Piqua and her mother?

"I g forgot to say that I had an inquiry from Argentina, where I made something of a reputation and many friends ten years ago, regarding a proposed agricultural survey, but it proved to be only a nibble and not a bite.

"Best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

30 December 1933.

"Dear Mr. Andrews:

"Your letter of the 17th was a pleasant surprise. Last night I finished the 2000th page of my precious 'Reminiscences' and am taking today off to clean up my correspondence for the year. I have just answered a letter from Mr. Kaufman, and I have Christmas cards from other members of the Old Guard. I wish I had known when you were in Washington. I should like to have brought you out to Sunny Hill for a week end, to talk over old times and new times, and have you see how I am situated. Last June a ~~20~~ group of the Old Guard, led by Dr. Jones, came out and I am sure they enjoyed the visit as much as I did. But I missed you, Murray, and Holmes.

"It's been a wonderfully interesting year and I can well imagine how busy the field agents have been, because they constitute the intelligence branch of the Department of Agriculture. The New Deal is headed in the right direction, but it is terribly expensive and the waste and lost motion is appalling.

"I wonder how cold it gets ~~n~~ in Salt Lake? It was 2 above last night and 8 above today here. But my ~~e~~ heating plants are double the required capacity and we are warm as toast.

"Write when you can, because I am always interested. In fact, I never expect to grow old mentally just because I have so many keen interests.

"With best wishes to you and yours, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

30 December 1933.

"Dear Mr. Kaufman:

"Your Christmas letter was much appreciated, and all the time I read it I could see your smiling face that has changed so little in the last twenty years.

"Sorry the day you came to Sunny Hill was the hottest for many years--torrid, tropical, and as bad as anything you have in the Imperial Valley. But those things will happen and the only consolation is that there isn't much we can do about it. I certainly enjoyed your visit and that of so many of the Old Guard. I wish I might have you all up here right now. Snow on the landscape, 8 degrees above outside, a roaring fire in the Whippoorwill (my quarters), and warm as toast, a box of cigars, and three barrels of rather potent wine below, radio going full blast, and plenty of books, magazines, and newspapers, two ~~dg~~ dogs and four cats to make life interesting. Also I finished typewriting the 2000th page of my precious 'Reminiscences' last night, with as much more yet to be written.

"Of course, I am interested in all the Old Guard, Uncle Sam's finest, even if the selfcomplacent economists and befuddled professors of the New Deal don't know it. It's been a wonderful year, the New Deal is great and headed in the right direction, but the hand-outs are terribly expensive and somebody's got to pay, and some of the Phd's who are shovelling out Uncle Sam's money are very clumsy--never having had the handle of a shovel in their hands before.

"Well, we're snug at Sunny Hill. Hope all is well with you. Write when you have time. Come when you can.

Sincerely,

Leon M. Estabrook.

30 December 1933.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I've been right busy grinding away at 'Reminiscences,' a sort of Pepys diary, and last night salted down the 2000th page, with more to follow. Hence I am celebrating the close of the year with a letter writing spree so that I can start the New Year with a clean slate.

"I appreciated your Christmas card. It's a nice custom, but because it has assumed such huge proportions I sent none this year. Same with presents. Because of that and poverty I gave only tokens of little value to members of my family. I am heartily in favor of Christmas for the little folks, but think it has been carried to a burdensome extreme in this country in the last quarter of a century, and when a custom, however gracious, outgrows its significance, why go on with it?

"The South American inquiry I mentioned proved a nibble and not a bite. Likewise a polite inquiry addressed to Mr. Peek as to whether a postgraduate Phd. in governmental organization and agricultural statistics and economics could be of any assistance in his new assignment brought a polite acknowledgment from his secretary to the effect that it would be brought to Mr. Peek's attention. Nothing more. Wow, and that to a man who a few years ago was some pumpkins in Washington through several administrations. Muy bien. It gives me the opportunity I have been looking for to write up those precious memoirs. Anyhow, I'm rich in many things except money, which last I value only for exchange purposes and the power and freedom it gives.

"1933 has been a memorable year, and from an economic^c and social point of view the most important since the great war. Compared with the last few years it has been a year of hope. It was and is a New Deal, and the New Deal, in spite of all its mistakes and appalling cost, is headed in the right direction, the amelioration

of human living conditions in this and other countries, which involves a certain redistribution of wealth and the fruits of labor and capital, and a lessening of the gulf between the heaven of riches, unearned riches, and the hell of poverty, undeserved poverty. It's slow, because the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. I wonder if it has struck you that the planned economy now advocated at Washington is nothing more than what the Soviet dreamers have been trying to do for many years? Or that the codes of NRA are nothing more than the Facist guild organizations of Mussolini? Only we call them by different names. Well, anyhow, the objectives and the methods are much the same. And the obje^tives are good, even if the methods are not above criticism.

"By the way, I saw a note in a recent issue of a Washington paper by Mr. Wile to the effect that a book entitled 'Other People's Money' by Justice Brandeis, published in 1914 I think, is much in demand just now because in it he forecast exactly what has happened to our financiers in the years that followed. I have never forgotten his statement, many years ago when the railroads were under investigation and very defiant, to the effect that he could save a million dollars a day in their management by a little common sense. I sometimes think I could do the same in Washington--given the opportunity--but I suspect Douglas is trying to do it, and he doesn't sleep well nights as I do.

"Best wishes for a prosperous and happy year to come.

Sincerely,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1933, Dec. S.H.)

E--4843

Sunday, 31 Dec.; fair and warmer. Snow melting for first time in a week. Did some writing and drove down to Winworth to see mother and sister. Had a nap and did some typewriting in the afternoon.

(Otis, 31 Dec.; ~~brown~~ folder).

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4844

Monday, 1 Jan.; cloudy, mist, and fog. Lewis and his son-in-law were up for the truck to take some furniture from Winworth to an apartment Eunice and Charlie had rented on 17th Street in Washington. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Sheets came up and paid their rent for the lower house for December and January, saying they would make payments in advance in future. I did some typewriting about my Moscow trip.

Having^s troubles: Two nights ago in the dark I stepped on a garter with my bare foot and the metal clasp penetrated the skin and the foot has been paining me ever since. Right lung seems to be congested; at least it is painful to breath. Eyes still troublesome. Can not read very well with the new glasses. So much for the first day of the new year.

Tuesday, 2 Jan.; clear and cold. Most of the snow gone. Before we were dressed we had a telephone call from Emma Burton saying she had come up from Richmond and was prepared to make us a visit. I^t_A was agreed that we would go for her tomorrow. Did a little reading and then drove to town with the laundry and brought out supplies. Stopped at Winworth to see if sister cared to go to Washington with us tomorrow. Had a letter from Walker proposing a luncheon stand at one of the departments in Washington.

Wednesday, 3 Jan.; cloudy and looks like snow. Left with wife for Washington shortly after 9 a.m., picking up sister on the way. Arrived before noon. Sister went over to Eunice's. Wife visited Mrs. Yost who was improving slightly. I went to the Cosmos Club and looked over the morning papers. Met Dr. Shantz who said he was trying to write an account of agriculture in Africa. I ~~walk~~ walked down F Street to 9th and back and had a cup of coffee at a restaurant. Met Dr. Palmer of the Cotton Division on the street. Stopped at the Cosmos Club for awhile and then walked to the car where I found Emma waiting. Sister

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4845

and Eunice came a few minutes later, and wife last of all in a taxi. We left at 2 O'clock and reached Frederick at 3.20 p.m. Did some shopping, left sister at Winworth, and was home at 4.30. Had to build a fire in the Whippoorwill. A dark, gloomy, and cold ^{day} ~~day~~.

Thursday, 4 Jan.; cold in the night and some snow on the ground this morning. The ribbon movement stopped on the portable typewriter and today have been using the old Remington. Because of the weather I did not go to town to have the portable fixed. Wife enjoying the companionship of Emma, who is a good listener.

Friday, 5 Jan.; raining last night and today. A Mr. Yost, forester with headquarters at Cumberland, came to look at the pines on my place. He found no pine blister rust but did find a few specimens of Phora. Took wife and Emma to town and brought out laundry and supplies. Stopped at Winworth on the way out and had a nice supper.

Saturday, 6 Jan.; cloudy. Took mother to town to get her tooth plate and bring out my ~~pr~~ portable typewriter. Did some odd jobs and resumed typewriting.

Sunday, 7 Jan.; showers and fog. Typewriting account of visit to Helsingfors in 1926.

Monday, 8 Jan.; fair and warmer. In the afternoon took wife and Emma to town on a shopping expedition. Wife bought ~~8~~ some shirts for Otis and me. While waiting for wife I tried to read the papers in the car and got very cold.

At the breakfast table wife again broached the subject of attending the Grange installation meeting Wednesday evening. I said I would take her to Washington Wednesday, return to Sunny Hill alone and come for her Thursday, so that she could attend the meeting but ^{because of the condition of my eyes} I would not dare try to drive at night and I did not wish to spend the night in Washington. She refused to go to the meeting

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4846

alone and seemed greatly disappointed.

Tuesday, 9 Jan.; cloudy and gloomy. Slept until after 10 a.m. at which time the mail carrier brought a registered package and some postcards from Rome. While eating breakfast at noon a car drove up to the barn, stopped a moment, turned around, and drove away. Did some typewriting. In the evening we enjoyed listening to Mr. Lord's radio entertainment on the Seth Parker in New York harbor.

Wednesday, 10 Jan.; cloudy. Got the mail and read it and then proceeded with the typewriting. Have reached Holland in 1926.

Thursday, 11 Jan.; bright and pleasant. Last night Emma asked if we could not get up by 9 o'clock. This morning I was up at 7.30, which was two or three hours earlier than usual. Brought wood to the Whippoorwill in the pickup. Typewriting. Had a nice supper and listened to the radio. Emma expressed a desire to return to Washington tomorrow.

Friday, 12 Jan.; frosty, cloudy, and cold. Got away at 10.30 a.m. with wife, Emma, and sister for Washington. I had luncheon at the Cosmos Club but saw no one I knew. Wife and Emma went shopping. Sister was with Eunice. We reached home at 4 p.m. Very cold out.

Saturday, 13 Jan.; fog, showers, and cold. Took wife to town for groceries and to mail a birthday box to Otis, who will be 21 on the 18th. Did some typewriting.

Sunday, 14 Jan.; partly cloudy. Breakfast at noon. Began typewriting account of trip in Ireland. Had a good supper of baked spare-ribs and sweet potatoes.

Monday, 15 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Read the mail and typewriting.

Tuesday, 16 Jan. Clear and pleasant. Drove to town with laundry and got my fountain pen that had been to the factory for repairs. Stopped to see mother and sister at Winworth. After returning I had a visit

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4847

it from Mr. Anderson, secretary of the Frederick County Farm Bureau, to remind me of my dues and talk about the farm situation and farm relief. He remained several hours asking questions. He expected to make a speech in a few days and was after material. I tried to set him right on the question of preventing the farmers of America from becoming peasants by affirming that three-fourths of the farmers of the United States were already peasants and had been for generations and that many of the peasants of some countries of Europe were quite as well off as American farmers.

Wednesday, 17 Jan.; clear and cold. Billie finished pruning the apple trees. I read the mail and began typewriting. Wife had a telephone message last night ^a saying that her ^{step} half sister, Mrs. Yost, had died yesterday in Washington. Wife twisted her ankle in some way and suffered a good deal of pain.

Thursday, 18 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Lewis hauled some wood in for us. Shortly before noon I drove to Hood College and talked for fifteen minutes to the girl students in Brodbeck Hall on Egypt. Back home and resumed typewriting. Again the ribbon movement on the portable stopped and I had to bring over the old Remington.

(Walker, 18 Jan., ~~brown~~ folder)

Friday, 19 Jan.; clear and cold. Took wife to Washington to attend the funeral of Alice Yost. Left the car at a garage and wife took a taxie. I went to the Cosmos Club and read the papers. Then went to the house on Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., where the family lived. It was crowded. The service was conducted by the family Methodist preacher who said he had been preaching for more than fifty years. He had the good sense to make his discourse short. Then we were taken to the old Congressional Cemetery. After a short stop at the house a Mr. Thaden took us in his car across town to our car.

On the way in the trunk in the rear of the sedan dropped off and we did not know it until a man in a car overtook us to tell us about it. We drove back to Wisconsin Avenue without seeing it. Returning we were hailed by the driver of a laundry truck who had picked up the trunk and had it behind his truck, which was the reason we were unable to find it. I gave the man a dollar for his trouble in looking after it. It was dark when we reached home. Had oysters for supper.

Saturday, 20 Jan.; clear and warmer. I had just finished dressing when Mr. Hargett came, having walked across from Braddock Heights. While wife was getting breakfast I took him over the place and into the Whippoorwill. Then took him back to the main house and he sat in the kitchen with us while we ate breakfast, he refusing to join us. He talked a blue streak and stayed until after noon. In the afternoon took wife with me to town for laundry and supplies and to get my typewriter, and were back soon after three o'clock. The electricians were out to try to find a grounded wire.

Sunday, 21 Jan.; clear and warmer. Had breakfast at noon. I bolted the trunk onto the sedan in a way it could not come off again. Visited the folks at Winworth. When I returned I found Mr. Price and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Esne, with wife. I took them for a long

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4849

walk and sat awhile in the Whippoorwill where I gave them some wine. They left at 7⁵ o'clock. Mr. Price said he was sending money regularly to Thelma and that the doctor said she was in good physical condition and that her trouble was mental. Mr. Price seemed to be very familiar with Mrs. Esne, even in the presence of her husband. After they left I resumed my typewriting.

Monday, 22 Jan.; fog, rain, sleet, cold. Finished the mail and did some typing. Started a letter to Dr. Taylor but did not finish it. Had a nice supper of pork spareribs and sweet potatoes.

Tuesday, 23 Jan.; clear and cold. Went to bed at 8 p.m. last night and slept right through to 9 a.m. this morning. While eating breakfast an electrician came to fix a grounded cable under the kitchen. This automatically improved our radio reception. Most of the day typewriting. In the afternoon wife and I went down to the gap above the narcissus field to look over the valley. It is the first clear view we have had for several weeks. Had a letter from a real/estate agent in Washington about leasing our town house, for the purpose of demolishing the house so the lot could be used for the parking of cars.

Wednesday, 24 Jan.; clear and cold. Last night we enjoyed Lord's radio program from the schooner Seth Parker at Norfolk where he staged a negro campmeeting. An old negro mammy got excited and prayed the good Lord to bless the captain and everybody on the ship, to bless the front of the ship, the back end, and the middle, the mizzen mast and all the other masts, and if it would not cost any more to bless the rudder, and the syren, and the toots of the syren. Chores, mail, and typewriting account of trip to Spain.

Thursday, 25 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Chore^s and typewriting. Wife and I went to town in the afternoon for supplies and many errands. Late when we returned.

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4850

Friday, 26 Jan.; clear and bright. Think my eyes are improving slightly. Breakfast at noon. Read the mail and typewriting. A letter from Otis said he was not having much work.

Saturday, 27 Jan.; clear and warmer. Emory came before I was up and wanted me to show him where he could cut some wood. Reading and typewriting. A letter from a real estate agent in Washington wanted to know what income I derived from the town house. Had a bowel disturbance in the afternoon accompanied by temporary dizziness, cramps, profuse perspiration and then relief and exhaustion. Laid down and slept until 4.30 p.m. Had a remarkably vivid dream of Sunny Hill changing its aspect while I looked at it and then sliding up into Pennsylvania where I saw some beautiful scenery of mountains, trees, forests, and clear running brooks and a shining river. It was one of those rare dreams that remain in the memory like a ~~weak~~ real personal experience.

Sunday, 28 Jan.; fair and mild. Chores/~~xmatix~~ and typewriting. Visited the folks at Winworth. On the way down picked up a lame man and a little boy. The boy asked if I knew that some one had put a bullet through my mail box. I said I did and supposed it was because that some one had nothing better to shoot at. After returning I wrote to Thelma and Otis and notes on trip to Fez.

(Thelma, 28 Jan., ~~✓~~ brown folder.)

(Otis, same. ~~✓~~)

(1934, Jan. S.H.)

E--4851

Monday, 29 Jan.; very cold, 4 deg., and gale. Breakfast at noon. Made fire in Whippoorwill, got mail and read it, and resumed account of Algiers. Had an inquiry concerning lots in Randall Highlands from a real estate agent in Washington.

Everything outdoors frozen solid. Gale of 56 miles at airport near Frederick.

Tuesday, 30 Jan.; clear and cold; 2 deg. Wife had set her heart on going to a picture show. I protested because of the extreme cold and said I would take her tomorrow, or next day, or day after that, or any other day that was warmer, but still she wanted to go this particular day. I could not get the sedan started but succeeded in starting the pickup. It was very cold in the open car. As a matter of fact we reached town too late for a picture show. We did some shopping and stopped at Winworth to see mother and sister on the way out. When we reached Sunny Hill wife discovered that she had left her bag with the key in it at Winworth. We managed to get into the house through the cellar. I refused to make a second trip through the intense cold to get the key. This trip to town on a bitterly cold day was wholly unnecessary and was cruelty to humans. Had a long letter from a Mr. McCan of La Jolla, California, on behalf of Otis, saying that Otis and Ethel did not have enough to eat.

Wednesday, 31 Jan.; clear and warmer. Did not sleep well last night and got up to read. ~~After~~ After noon wife came over to the Whippoorwill to ask me to go down to Winworth for her bag in which were some candy, animal crackers, and toys w she wanted to send to Junie at La Jolla. So that was why she had insisted on going to town in the extreme cold yesterday, ostensibly to see a picture show but really to get something to send to the baby in California. Sister suffering from a bad cold. I spent the day keeping up fires and type-writing.

(1934, Feb. S.H.)

E--4852

Thursday, 2 Feb.; snowing. Went to town for supplies and two bags of clover seed. While in town it snowed steadily and accumulated on the road. Stopped at Winworth to get warm and put a chain on one of the rear wheels. Had some difficulty on the steeper grades of the mountain and the little pickup slid about on the road in a way to make one's hair stand on end.

Friday, 2 Feb.; clear and cold. Spent the afternoon writing a letter to Mr. McCan at La Jolla, who had proposed to give Otis some employment and teach him gardening and lend him tools if I would send ~~thenx~~ Otis something to live on while learning. Wife had already sent him twenty dollars, all that was left of her rent money.

Saturday, 3 Feb.; clear and snow melting. A letter from Ethel said that Otis had a permanent job as a soda fountain clerk. Spent the afternoon writing up notes on Tripoli.

Sunday, 4 Feb.; clear and warmer. Went to Winworth to visit ~~moth~~ mother and sister. Sister still suffering from her cold. Did some writing in the afternoon.

Monday, 5 Feb.; clear and cold. Reading "Brazilian Adventures" in bed at night. Read the mail and resumed typewriting. Driver of a milk wagon came out for a load of milk bottles that had accumulated. Catherine Masser visiting wife.

Tuesday, 6 Feb.; northeast blizzard last night, gale and about three inches of snow today. Wife got the mail. Had a letter from Emma Burton. Typing.

Wednesday, 7 & Feb.; clear and cold. Breakfast at noon. Drove in pickup to mailbox, partly to open the road through the snow. Read mail and spent afternoon writing account of first visit to Cairo.

Thursday, 8 Feb.; fair and cold. Read the mail and resumed typewriting. Had the dogs with me in the Whippoorwill because of

(1934, Feb. S.H.)

E--4853

the cold. In the late afternoon I took them to the barn. The door had been left open during the day and the guineas were all inside. I tried to drive them out but they flew up on the cross beams. I picked up a stick and climbed up on the hay mow to drive them down, but in doing so stepped on a soft place in the hay, lost my balance, ~~and~~ pitched head foremost to the barn floor about eight feet below. Instinctively I turned ~~my~~ head to one side. For a moment I was stunned but soon recovered. Then discovered that I was bleeding from a cut near my left eye and the blood was dripping down my face and shirt. I started for the house to get something to stop the flow of blood and when outside had difficulty in seeing and discovered that my glasses were gone. Stopped the flow of blood, got the old glasses and a flash light and went back to look for the new pair of glasses. I found them unbroken but with the frame badly bent but I soon managed to straighten them enough for use.

Friday, 9 Feb.; clear and cold. Kept a good fire going all night and the house was warm. Pipes under kitchen frozen. Had trouble with left eye from the bruises of yesterday; also the glasses were twisted out of adjustment. Went to town in the pickup for supplies. Stopped at Winworth both ways. Sister suffering from a bad cold and mother coming down with it. I did a little writing after I got back.

Saturday, 10 Feb.; clear and cold; down to 2 deg. Got up in the night to fix the fires. The papers ^{at} ~~say~~ that the cold has been greater in the east than for many years. I had put an advertisement in the paper for a horse or a mule. Had a telephone call regarding it from a man at Westminster asking me to come up to look at his collection. Afternoon writing journal for visit to Palestine. Had a letter from Otis saying Thelma had gone to a hospital to have a baby and that he had a job at a soda water counter for \$14 a week and that he proposed to repay us for the \$20 we had sent him at the rate of \$2 a week.

(1934, Feb. S.H.)

E--4854

Of course, I never expected him to repay the debt and he never did, but I appreciated his offer because it was the first time he had ever acknowledged an obligation to any one else and it showed that he had come a long way from the time when he thought the world was his oyster and felt aggrieved and became sullen if his wants were not promptly supplied without effort or acknowledgement on his part.

Sunday, 11 Feb.; fair and warmer. Got up at 11 a.m. and had^a breakfast at noon. Drove down to Winworth. Mother and sister better. Eunice and Charlie were out. He had a promotion to \$1,800 a year. Said the Potomac was freezing over. This is probably about the first time since 1900.

Monday, 12 Feb.; cloudy and cold. Typewriting most of the day. Lewis hauling wood for us. Wife wrote a long letter to Ethel inclosing photographs of winter scenes at Sunny Hill which I took some years ago.

Tuesday, 13 Feb.; clear and cold and high winds. Up late and when I dressed and looked out found that two tons of coal had been delivered and put in the cellar without waking us. Had a letter from the sister of Mr. Price at La Jolla saying that Thelma was not doing very well. She was sent to the hospital a week before and was then brought back. Finished 2,500 pages of typewritten journal which brought me to the international cotton congress at Cairo in January, 1927.

Wednesday, 14 Feb.; clear and very cold. A letter from Ethel said that Thelma's baby was not expected until next week and she might have to undergo an operation. Typing in the afternoon.

Thursday, 15 Feb.; fair and warmer. Spent the day typewriting. Newspapers full of socialist riots in Austria.

Friday, 16 Feb.; clear and cold. Last night finished reading Fleming's Brazillian Adventures, a most humorous and interesting account.

(1934, Feb. S.H.)

E--4855

Drove to town and brought out groceries for ourselves and Winworth. Very cold both ways. Mother recovering from the grippe.

Typewriting in the afternoon.

Saturday, 17 Feb.; clear and warmer. Wrote letter to the receiver of the Federal American National Bank to establish claim to the small balance I had with it. Resumed typewriting. Having trouble with my fingers that I thought resulted from so much typewriting. They were swollen and painful. I was puzzled because my fingers were never affected that way before.

Sunday, 18 Feb.; clear and warmer. Breakfast at noon. Lewis came to ask permission to cut some poles. Mr. Hankey came out to put some new tubes in the radios. Rest of day typewriting. Feel tired and have a touch of neuritis in left shoulder.

Monday, 19 Feb.; snowing all day. Wife and I had trouble in going to sleep last night and it was 11 am. when we awoke this morning. After returning from the mailbox I hauled some wood in the pickup to the Whippoorwill. Having trouble with my hands. The end joints of fingers white and icy cold as if there was poor circulation and it takes a long time for them to thaw out and warm up. They become numb and feel as if they were cut off at the joints. They bother me in typing from stiffness and calluses forming on them. Even at night they are troublesome and feel as if they had strings tied tightly about them. Papers announce the death of King Albert of Belgium two days ago from slipping off a cliff. Army flyers took over the air-mail today by order of the President. They had a bad day of it because of a blizzard.

Tuesday, 20 Feb.; heavy gales last night and today. Reports of traffic tie-up in the East. Typewriting.

Wednesday, 21 Feb.; clear and warmer. Went to town in the afternoon with laundry and brought out supplies. Stopped to see mother and

(1924, Feb, S.H.)

E--4856

sister. Lewis and Billie splitting wood in the afternoon and they helped get the stalled sedan out and headed down hill. Had a collect telegram from Otis at La Jolla saying Thelma had her baby this morning. This relieves our minds because it had been expected daily for three weeks.

Thursday, 22 Feb.; cloudy, warmer, light snow. Had breakfast at noon. Got the sedan started down hill and went as far as the mail box and back to warm the motor up. Read the mail and resumed typewriting. Wife to send a night telegram to Thelma.

Friday, 23 Feb.; clear and colder. Wife and I went to town in the sedan. The motor did not catch ~~at~~ until we had nearly reached the mail box. I left it at a garage to have the battery taken out for recharging and another temporarily installed. Brought out supplies. Stopped at Winworth and found mother and sister looking and feeling better. Did some typing. Papers carry accounts of deaths of army mail flyers. Suspect this will mean severe criticism of the administration.

Saturday, 24 Feb.; clear and very cold; down to 6 deg. Late breakfast. Got the mail and read it and then typewriting. Wife had a letter from Mr. Price's sister in La Jolla saying there was no cause to worry about Thelma.

Sunday, 25 Feb.; snowing and very cold. Mr. Price came last night and stayed all day. He intended to return to Washington this evening but the blizzard was so severe that he decided to remain over until tomorrow. The snow was drifting badly. I did a little writing.

Monday, 26 Feb.; clear and cold with heavy snow on ground. Mr. Price had breakfast and left about 10 a.m. Over the radio heard that roads are blocked all through the east. I shoveled paths and from in front of garage doors. Very tired and did not feel like writing.

(1934, Feb. S H.)

E--4857

Tuesday, 27 Feb.; clear and cold, 1 deg. below zero, and heavy snow on the ground. After a late breakfast I walked through deep snow to mailbox and back and was nearly exhausted. Thoroughly disgusted with snow and cold. Managed to keep the houses warm. Did some typewriting but it is slow work. Having trouble with my eyes and can hardly read.

Wednesday, 28 Feb.; clear and very cold. After breakfast took a hotwater bottle with me to keep my hands warm. Changed the chains from pickup to sedan and drove to mailbox but the mail had not come. Had trouble with the loose snow on the road. Wife walked down at 3 p.m. and got it. A letter from Mr. Price's sister said Thelma had a quick but severe delivery and only the prompt action of the doctor saved her life, but that she was now entirely out of danger.

Thursday, 1 March; fair and cold. After noon I drove to town in the sedan for the recharged battery and supplies. The roads were banked high with snow. Stopped at Winworth to see mother and sister on the way back. Had difficulty on the steeper grades. Did some typewriting.

Friday, 2 March; cloudy, thawing, shower afternoon. Drove to mail box at 1 p.m. but mail had not come. Wife went for it later. A letter from the real/estate agent said the tenant of our town house would vacate April first. That means the loss of rent for one or more months. Did some typewriting. Had a letter from Mrs. Ware of Boston, secretary of the American Committee to Cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, submitting an outline of a plan prepared by Dr. H. C. Taylor proposing that the Institute undertake the preparation and issuance of a handbook of planned agriculture for each and all countries of the world and asking for an expression of opinion. The letter sub-

(1934, March, S.H.)

E--4858

mitting the plan spoke of it in favorable terms as "constructive," etc.

Saturday, 3 March; raining last night, cloudy, thawing.

After late breakfast about noon I cleaned out some gutters so the melting snow could run off and then walked to the mailbox.

Received check for town house in advance for first time in nearly three years. Funeral of Paul Klipp today, one of the oldtime German residents and a neighbor. Typewriting account of visit to Havana in spring of 1927.

Sunday

~~Tuesday~~, 4th March; cloudy and warmer. I woke up early and after attending to fires, turning the dogs loose, and feeding chickens and guineas, did some typewriting. Breakfast at 11 a.m. Spent two hours with mother and sister at Winworth. One of the Sheets boys brought up the rent for February. Evidently the good New Year's resolution of Mr. and Mrs. Sheets to pay their rent in advance as stipulated in their lease had evaporated. I spent some time drafting a memorandum regarding Dr. Taylor's proposal that the Institute concern~~ed~~ itself with planned agriculture throughout the world. My comment was to the effect that planned agriculture is a fine topic for talking and would appeal to half-baked economists and people without experience in agriculture but would be considered impractical by people who knew anything about agriculture and psychology of farmers because of the vagaries of the ~~wet~~ weather and the perversity of human nature.

Monday, 5 March; clear and warm. Plumbers were out before we got up to fix pump and replace frozen pipes. Drove to town for a typewriter ribbon and other things. Put an advertisement in the paper for a young horse or mule. Writing a letter to Mrs. Ware regarding Dr. Taylor's proposal. Mr. Marsh of the News-Post came up on his way to High Knob. It has been a lovely day although the ground is very soft.

5 March 1934.

Mrs. Charlotte Barrell Ware,
Secretary, American Committee
on International Institute of Agriculture,
State House, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Dear Mrs. Ware:

"I have read with much interest Dr. H. C. Taylor's memorandum of 'Tentative Suggestions Relative to the Refocussing of the Work of the International Institute of Agriculture,' transmitted with your letter of February 1, and received March 2. You ask for an expression of opinion on five points, which I would answer as follows:

"(1) Should an international handbook of agricultural planning be prepared?

"No--if the purpose of the handbook is to improve the situation of agriculture--because it won't.

"Yes--if the purpose is to win support for the Institute, because it will appeal strongly to all professors, students, economists, and many officials in the Department of Agriculture, and because it has splendid talking points and would make a fine basis for propaganda.

"(2) Is the documentation outlined adequate?

"On page 2 Dr. Taylor indicates the classes of information to be documented or utilized: (a) Statistics of annual production and distribution; and (b) conditions of production in each country for each staple crop with reference to comparative advantages of production in different countries.

"Such statistics as exist with respect to production and distribution are readily available to the Institute and are sufficient for the purpose indicated, although incomplete and badly in need of improvement in many respects.

"The adequacy of the second class of information depends entirely upon what is meant by 'conditions of production.' Presumably

this would include not only soil, climate, and labor conditions, but also such factors as fertilizers, irrigation, insect pests, plant and animal diseases, cost of production, transportation facilities and cost. It should include also other factors that are important, but often overlooked or ignored by economists, such as race, history, psychology, traditional routine, habits, standard of living, and farm practices of the population, farm equipment and technical and cooperative organization, credit facilities, alternative industries, organization and status of other industries, and above all the capacity of the people for accepting new ideas and adjusting themselves to new conditions. There are other factors, of course, but I have named enough to show that the problem of planned agriculture is not simple. I am sure that any one who stops to think will realize that the 'conditions of production' are quite different in the north, the south, the east, and the west, or in communities of old stock pioneer Americans, Germans, Italians, negroes, or Indians, right here in the United States. There is even greater diversity as between nations. If 'conditions of production' contemplate the factors I have mentioned, the documentation would be fairly adequate; only, I would suggest that data are not readily available.

"(3) Should the data be analyzed by way of establishing its greater comparability?

"Yes, by all means; but only by men who can visualize the background of the data. All data expressed by figures are simply shorthand symbols and can be fully understood and interpreted only by those who are familiar with the conditions they are intended to represent. No desk man or other person has any business trying to interpret data for countries he has never seen; if he does he is liable to make egregious blunders, and do it in perfect good faith. No person familiar only with the garden type of agriculture in Europe can possibly understand

agriculture in the United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, South Africa, or Australia, without having visited those countries, and vice versa. Nor can any one analyze and interpret agricultural data as represented by symbolic figures without knowing something of the psychology of those who supplied the data--and right here is where so many selfcomplacent economists blunder, because of their ignorance of the fact that the figures they are considering are psychological and not the mere record of an automatic registering machine.

"(4) Should production of a handbook be regarded as an emergency?

"No. If 'emergency' means anything it means something 'sudden,' and something that requires prompt action to prevent loss or damage or irreparable injury.

"There is nothing sudden~~x~~ about the hard situation of agriculture. It has existed from the beginning of time and will probably last until synthetic foods are turned out by automatic machines. It was much worse when I was a boy in Texas more than half a century ago, when we sold cotton for five cents a pound, eggs five cents a dozen, butter ten cents, and fat hens for fifteen cents. There has been gradual improvement in this as in all other countries. Simply people's memories are short and non-agricultural people are ignorant of agricultural history, or the very nature of agriculture as an industry. It is at once the oldest, safest, and soundest, as well as the most hazardous; most hazardous because it is subject to two emergency hazards, the hazard of partial or total crop failure because of the weather, insects or diseases; and the hazard of poor market and poor prices. The handbook idea of course is aimed at correcting the price hazard by pointing the way to restriction or control of production through quotas based on international agreement. I do not believe that it will or can succeed, for reasons which I will indicate under the next topic. For these reasons I cannot see that the situation of agriculture

can by the wildest stretch of the imagination be considered as an emergency calling for the issuance of a handbook on planning.

"If, however, the object of the handbook is to obtain publicity and support for the Institute, it is possible to consider the issuance of such a handbook as an emergency, because the Institute is badly in need of funds and its financial situation cripples its legitimate functions, which ^{are those} ~~is that~~ of an international clearing house for agricultural information.

"(5) Further suggestions.

"Under this head I propose to make certain comments rather than try to make constructive suggestions, which is strictly Dr. Taylor's business as the official delegate of the United States.

"I sincerely regret that my reaction to the handbook proposal is negative. All my life I have favored handbooks as epitomies and syntheses of data, experience, and technical wisdom, and as guides. The idea of planning is logical and absolutely unassailable. I would emphasize that last statement, logical and unassailable, because that constitutes the universal appeal of planning as such. But in actual practice plans don't always work out. Probably because they are based on insufficient data, ^{power} ~~lack force~~ to carry them out, or are rendered futile by overwhelming ^{power} ~~powers~~ beyond control.

"Obviously intelligent human beings should plan their own individual and social lives--otherwise they are not intelligent. In a rather long and varied life I have met many people, but so far as I can recall I have met no man or woman whose life was what he or she planned it to be. I have seen many well laid and perfectly logical plans fail. The plans I have seen succeed did so because of (1) favorable but entirely fortuitous circumstances with which the planners had nothing to do, or (2) sufficient power, either governmental or in the form of capital sufficient to overcome all obstacles.

can by the widest stretch of the imagination be considered as an emergency calling for the issuance of a handbook on planning. "If, however, the object of the handbook is to obtain publicity

and support for the Institute, it is possible to consider the issuance of such a handbook as an emergency, because the Institute is badly in need of funds and its financial situation cripples its legislative functions, which is XXXX of an international clearing house for agricultural information.

"(3) Further suggestions.

"Under this head I propose to make certain comments rather than try to make constructive suggestions, which is strictly Dr. Taylor's business as the official delegate of the United States.

"I sincerely regret that my reaction to the handbook proposal is negative. All my life I have favored handbooks as guides and syntheses of data, experience, and technical wisdom, and as guides.

The idea of planning is logical and absolutely unassailable. I would emphasize that last statement, logical and unassailable, because that constitutes the universal appeal of planning as such.

But in actual practice plans don't always work out. Probably because they are based on insufficient data, like ~~some~~ to carry them out, or are rendered futile by overwhelming forces beyond control.

"Obviously intelligent human beings should plan their own

individual and social lives--otherwise they are not intelligent.

In a rather long and varied life I have met many people, but so far as I can recall I have met no man or woman whose life was what he or she planned it to be. I have seen many well laid and perfectly

logical plans fail. The plans I have seen succeed did so because of (1) favorable but entirely fortuitous circumstances with which the planners had nothing to do, or (2) sufficient power, either govern-

mental or in the form of capital sufficient to overcome all obstacles

"More than a quarter of a century ago the greatest strategist the Department of Agriculture ever had, Dr. B. T. Galloway, asked me to study the literature of the cooperative movement and experiments in the United States because, he said, it was vitally important and bound to grow. As a result of that preliminary study I learned that most cooperative enterprises had failed up to that time; also that American growers never entered a cooperative association except under dire compulsion of financial disaster and prospective loss of all they had--cooperation appeared to be the only way out.

"I saw the beginning of 'planned agriculture' and the organized campaign for diversification of crops in the South under Dr. Seaman A. Knapp and the Bureau of Plant Industry more than thirty years ago. That campaign has continued to this day, it was organized and persistent, and millions of dollars were expended in it by the Rockefeller Education Board and the U.S. Government. It has been only partially successful. The public money expended in connection with it would have bought more vegetables and food than were grown in the South as a direct result of the campaign. But it was 'planned' very intelligently.

"There have been several organized 'planned' campaigns to reduce cotton acreage and production in the South. They have uniformly failed. The present attempt may succeed to a degree simply because a majority of the cotton farmers are paid by the government to agree to reduce acreage. A more effective means would have been to buy the cotton farms outright and withdraw them from cultivation.

"At no time in the last thirty years to my knowledge has the U.S. Department of Agriculture been without 'plans.' In my travel to all agricultural countries in connection with the census project of the Institute I did not find a single country without rather definite and very logical 'plans' for the improvement of the agricultural situ-

ation. So far as I know none of them has proved a conspicuous success. The Cuban law or decree forbidding the harvesting of one-fourth the sugar cane crop (equivalent to one and a half million tons of sugar), the Barzillian coffee valorization scheme, the Argentine livestock minimum export price scheme, the Canadian wheat pool scheme, the South African fruit and dairy export scheme, the Malay peninsula rubber production restrictions, the Australian and New Zealand dairy, meats, and wool export schemes, the Balkan states tobacco contract price/production schemes, and the various bonus schemes of European countries to promote a selfsufficing agriculture, have all been disappointing, if not dismal failures. So also with the most grandiose scheme of all, that of Russia. They were all intelligently planned and were perfectly logical. In every one of these countries I talked with officials responsible for the schemes, with growers and planters, and read the comments in their local newspapers--and in every case I got the impression that the scheme was a disappointment to every one concerned. But it was 'planned agriculture.'

"Why this rather uniform record and experience of failure and disappointment? The reasons are too numerous to be listed here, but essentially they are phases of the perversity of the physical universe and ^{of} human nature--a description of which could be expanded into a book perhaps even more interesting than a treatise on agricultural economics.

"Just one of many factors or problems that would have to be considered in any 'planning' program for international agriculture, namely, over-population, which is at the root of many other problems. There are just naturally too many people in some countries. Take Egypt as a bright and shining example, where I first woke up to it when I asked myself the reason why in one field a gasoline pump raised as much water as forty half naked men could carry in buckets up a

mud bank in the adjoining field--and hundreds of other examples. The answer was that Egypt has a population of about fifteen million entirely and solely dependent on about six million acres of productive land, all the rest of Egypt being a hopeless and perpetual desert. With the aid of modern equipment all the agricultural and other work of Egypt could be done with a fraction of her present population. Granted; but what becomes of the rest of the population? Put them to work in other industries? But other industries are already overcrowded. Transfer them to unoccupied lands in Africa? But the inhabitants would object and it would weaken the state. Also, please remember that Egypt had a 'planned agriculture' long before the beginning of the Christian era. So with India, China, and a considerable area in Russia, and spots in Europe--overcrowded.

"Incidentally during the last forty years I have given some thought to this question of planning. By instinct I am a planner and have helped formulate many plans. They have all proved more or less disappointing. My net feeling is that no plan can succeed except by force, force of public opinion, military force, or financial coercion through lure of gain or fear of loss. Of these military force is most effective because the penalty is imprisonment or death. I will simply cite two examples:

"Soviet Russia, the heaven-on-earth of theorists. Here we have planning on a colossal scale. Nothing quite like it in all history--and social justice--and a lot of other delectable things--in theory. The whole Soviet system is founded on planning--intelligent logical planning--unassailable logic, glittering, beautiful, economic and socialistic logic. When I was in Moscow (1926) I talked with the leaders in charge of the 'Zem-plans' and the super- 'Gos-plan,' and learned a good deal about the one-year, three-year, five-year,

ten-year, fifteen-year, etc. plans. They were simply wonderful, and they had a statistical force of 10,000 employes to keep the innumerable committees supplied with data. Also they had an equally formidable array of propagandist talent. And back of that was a secret espionage system unequalled in all history, and a military force superior to any other in numbers. Any individual who was foolish enough to object, or to disagree, or was even suspected of disagreeing, with any decree of the Jewish oligarchy in charge simply disappeared overnight and was never heard of again. Now, any success the Soviet Russian oligarchy achieved in its 'planned agriculture' was unquestionably due to the irresistible military power back of it. But I question the success claimed for the system. With one-sixth of the earth's surface and a preponderating agricultural population Russia is not even yet well fed. In the ten days I was in Moscow I saw more human misery and despair than I have seen in all the rest of a long and varied life. Caste ridden India was far better off, and China was paradise in comparison. I have talked with others who have visited Russia since and their reports confirm my impression; ^{and} even though conditions have been ameliorated somewhat, the standard of living in Soviet Russia is still far below that of any other civilized country in the world--in spite of 'planning' backed by intolerant military force. Such a pity that all socialistic enthusiasts, economists, and admirers of Russia cannot be compelled to live there for a time and be cured of their malady. Of course, I know all about the other side of the picture, the glowing accounts that come out, and by some of our own people, intelligent and credible people, who speak in all sincerity and honesty. But what is that organized publicity and propaganda service of Russia for, the biggest and best organized in the world? Why, of course, to take confiding publicists, writers, bankers, and others with public influence, into their tender

care, show them the one model school, the one model hospital, the one model village, the one model farm, etc, feed them well, treat them royally, and send them forth to enlighten a sadly befuddled world. Personally I can't forget what I saw with my own eyes in Russia. I might add that I have expected the Soviets to succeed far better than they have just because they have military force behind their 'planning,' plus a religion, because Sovietism is a religion as well as an economic scheme. And yet, it is disappointing.

"The next example is that of sunny, lovely Italy under the benevolent despotism of the dictator, Mussolini. In all history I doubt if there has been a more benevolent, constructive, statesmanlike or successful dictator than Mussolini. He ^a succeeded not because his plans were intelligent and logical--because other equally well laid and logical plans failed--but because of military force behind it all. Any one who did not or does not subscribe to the Facisti plan or regime is promptly and effectively eliminated. The unanimity and cooperation that results from this policy is an efficient effectiveness unknown in this and ^{most} ~~many~~ other countries. It's a good deal like sending a recalcitrant boy to school with the full knowledge that if he does not behave himself and get his lessons and bring back a good report he will get a spanking. It's all contrary to our democratic and altruistic sentiments, but it works.

"Unfortunately Soviet Russia is the only country where planning has been adopted as a religion backed up by military force, and Italy is the only country with an intelligent dictator backed up by military force, and the United States is the only country with money enough to hire farmers to follow the plans of the Brain Trust for awhile, until the money runs out. Every country in the world already has its 'planned agriculture,' but aside from those mentioned none have the means of realizing those plans.

cars, show them the one model school, the one model hospital, the
 one model village, the one model farm, etc., feed them well, treat
 them royally, and send them forth to enlighten a badly retarded
 world. Personally I can't forget what I saw with my own eyes in
 Russia. I might add that I have expected the Soviets to succeed
 far better than they have just because they have military force behind
 their 'planning,' plus a religion, because Sovietism is a religion
 as well as an economic scheme. And yet, it is disappointing.
 "The next example is that of army, lovely Italy under the
 benevolent despotism of the dictator, Mussolini. In all history
 I doubt if there has been a more benevolent, constructive, states-
 manlike or successful dictator than Mussolini. He has succeeded not
 because his plans were intelligent and logical--because other equally
 well laid and logical plans failed--but because of military force
 behind it all. Any one who did not or does not subscribe to the
 fascist plan or regime is promptly and effectively eliminated. The
 unanimity and cooperation that results from this policy is an effi-
 cient effectiveness unknown in this and many other countries. It's
 a good deal like sending a recalcitrant boy to school with the full
 knowledge that if he does not behave himself and get his lessons
 and bring back a good report he will get a spanking. It's all con-
 trary to our democratic and altruistic sentiments, but it works.
 "Unfortunately Soviet Russia is the only country where planning
 has been adopted as a religion backed up by military force, and Italy
 is the only country with an intelligent dictator backed up by military
 force, and the United States is the only country with money enough to
 hire farmers to follow the plans of the Brain Trust for awhile, until
 the money runs out. Every country in the world already has its
 'planned experiments,' but aside from those mentioned none have the
 means of realizing those plans.

"You see, agricultural planning is a good ^ade^a like other planning, for politics, for religion, for sweetness and light--it's all so reasonable, so obvious, so logical. There is absolutely no good reason that can be advanced against all religions being consolidated into one true religion, no reason whatever why there should ever be a war, none whatever for the existence of poverty and slums, etc. Absolutely none, except only natural conditions and the perversity of human nature.

"In spite of the machine age, the Brain Trust, the New Deal, and the revolutionary doctrines in biology, chemistry, and physics, I still believe that the law of gravitation holds, that the law of supply and demand cannot permanently be suspended, that the old doctrine of laissez faire is ^{not} utterly exterminated by the new school, and I observe all about me that the sun rises and sets the same as always, the seasons come and go as they always did, and vegetation responds in the old way, without plan of man. I also know that each and every one of my farmer neighbors has his particular plan, just as his ancestors had and his descendants will have, that are affected very slightly if at all by anything said or done by the salaried employe or desk man of his government or any other public institution. I still believe that a little farmer common sense is worth more than the formulated opinions of desk men and college professors. In my county, one of the best in the United States, I doubt if one farmer in ten knows that there is a United States Department of Agriculture, and very few in the entire State of Maryland have ever heard of the International Institute of Agriculture. Yet the county has about every known organization for the promotion of sweetness and light, including the regulation extension organization, with a county agent to represent State and Federal agriculture. He is generally regarded as highly ornamental and is kept on because it is the fashion. He cannot

tell the farmers of Frederick County anything they don't already know that concerns them, but any~~o~~ one of them could tell him a lot of things not taught in any agricultural college. That's just the nub of the whole thing.

"I have said more than I intended to, but could say much more, because it is an interesting subject. I want to compliment Dr. Taylor on picking out the one topic with the widest public appeal. The world is waiting for a constructive program and the American public is palpitating for a 'plan,' all except the farmers. Most professors, all students, and the public generally would welcome with acclaim the proposal that the Institute issue a well considered handbook of agricultural planning. That popularity might and should win support for the Institute. If the project were formally approved by the General Assembly and the Institute were committed to its production, I would advocate it for the sake of the Institute and the things that the Institute can do that no other agency can do if it has the means. I could write a book in advocacy for planning agriculture--because the proposition is absolutely logical and unassailable--but the proposal has~~not~~ got beyond the stage of a 'suggestion' and therefore I have ventured to suggest that so far as agriculture and farmers are concerned any scheme of planning is futile--but that it has a wonderful popular appeal and might be taken advantage of to strengthen the Institute for more worth while projects.

"I congratulate Dr. Taylor on his sagacity in selecting 'a handbook of agricultural planning' for popular appeal. I can think of none better. As a matter of record the professional planners have little to their credit, except as weather and other fortuitous conditions favored their plans, and even then their plans were generally historical rather than current.

"What I intended to be a brief letter has run out to a paper, and I have said only a fraction of what I think. I should like to know that Dr. Carver has glanced through this screed. I have been profoundly grateful to him for his sympathetic starting of me on a statistical career. He was human and was blessed with the gift of common sense. For the 'Agricultural Outlook,' a publication ~~in~~ under my supervision at the behest of Dr. Galloway, he contributed an article on 'What's the Use,' which I have always regarded as a gem of literature and philosophy.

"I have no doubt that ^{the} handbook of planned agriculture,' because of its appeal, will be adopted. If so, I shall not oppose it, but perhaps can supply some ammunition in support of it--for the sake of strengthening the International Institute of Agriculture.

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1934, March, S.H.)

E--4859

(Mrs. Ware, 5 March, brown folder)

~~(Draft of new will--not executed.~~ *omit*

Tuesday, 6 March; a blustery day with a flurry of snow in the afternoon. Took a hot bath last night and slept straight through until noon today. Sent check \$144.98 for one-half taxes on town house to Tax Collector of D.C., and dues as members of Grange, leaving a balance of \$190 with which to buy a horse, pay for farm labor, and live until pension check comes next month. Resumed typewriting.

Wednesday, 7 March; cloudy and cold. Took wife to town for some shopping while I drove out to the fair grounds to inquire about horse sales. Learned they were held every Tuesday at 11 a.m. Lewis came up to tell me he was going to burn some brush on the lower place and that he would plant my clover seed for me. It was late when wife and I returned from town and I did no writing.

Thursday, 8 March; snowing all day and very pretty. Did not sleep well last night and not much account today. Wife went for the mail in the afternoon. I cannot read small print any more and have difficulty with headlines. It's rather curious as well as distressing that there seems to be blank places in my eyes so that when I look at a word I can dimly see about three letters of it and the rest is blank. I can read fine shorthand writing better than print because the characters are small and I can see a single character representing a word or several words with the part of my eyes that can see the same as two or three letters of print. Am typewriting under difficulties and a little discouraged. Suffered last night with my fingers. They swell up and feel as if they would burst and are tender as if they had been frosted.

(1934, March, S.H.)

E--4860

Friday, 9 March; clear and warmer. Got up rather early, not feeling well, and laid down most of the day. Suffering from a feeling of deep inertia^a, apathy, and depression, no appetite, and can hardly see. Tried several times to resume typewriting, but could hardly see the notes and did only three pages. Could not read anything in the newspaper except a few of the headlines.

Mr. Houck called up in the evening to say that he had a nice young horse from Virginia. Had a postcard from a man at Westminster saying he had nine horses for sale.

The young rooster got in the garden the day before it snowed and hid under the forsythia bush in the corner. We could not get him out. He has been without food or water for two days and nights. I am heartily disgusted with snow and its inconveniences. In the afternoon heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra over the radio. An interesting talk came from London by Sir Oliver Lodge on spiritualism

Saturday, 10 March; cloudy and very cold; snow on the ground and a cold east wind. Fuel supply getting low. Rescued the young rooster from the forsythis bush where he had been marooned for three days and nights without food or water. I pushed him out with a pole and chased him across the garden. Walked for the mail. Tried typewriting but had to give it up because I cannot see. Dozing most of the day.

Sunday, 11 March; bright sunshine; snowed last night and thawing today. Breakfast at 1 p.m. Failed again to do any typewriting. Began to formulate a new will with intention of dividing property between wife and sister.

Monday, 12 March; clear, cold, but thawing. Slept until noon. Lewis hauling wood to the cellar. Poor little Mollie Mulfe, the rejuvenated, had lost an eye and seemed to be weeping. Probably she stuck the sharp end of a stalk of corn fodder in it. It is a

(1934, March, S.H.)

E--4861

tragedy that so late in her rejuvenated life she should have to spend the remainder with only one eye. I put chains on the sedan and drove to the mail box. Rather difficult on the steep grade. Again tried to do some typewriting, but it is almost impossible for me to see anything but large objects.

Tuesday, 13 March; clear and warmer. Got up earlier than usual. At 10.30 a.m. drove to town in the sedan. Took Lucy Whipp and daughter with me. Drove out to a place beyond the fairgrounds and saw about a hundred horses and mules for sale. The sale was so slow in starting and I was so tired standing up and waiting that I came away before it began. I stopped to see Dr. Crist and have him adjust my bifocal glasses and measure for a pair of full reading glasses. He said my eyes were in bad condition, not diseased but sight gone. He said that as I was inclined to be farsighted it would not hurt to try to use the eyes, and that my sight might return any time. He said that colored glasses sometimes were useful to protect the eyes from painful glare but if worn most of the time might bring on photophobia, or fear of light. Made an appointment with Mr. Houck tomorrow.

Wednesday, 14 March; cloudy and warmer. Did not sleep well last night. Wife read to me awhile. At 11 a.m. I left for my appointment with Mr. Houck, the horse dealer, who lives about five miles east of Frederick. Drove slowly and carefully because I could not see very far or read road signs. When I came to where the road forked I had to pull out to one side, park, and walk up to the sign and with great difficulty decipher it. Fortunately the road was clear and I met few cars coming from the opposite direction. Mr. Houck had a nice pony that suited me well but his price was \$150, which was more than I felt I could afford. He promised to look out for a cheaper one for me. He said he had spent his whole life dealing in horses.

(1934, March, S.H.)

E--4862

At home I tried to do some writing but it was difficult because I had so much trouble reading notes or ordinary print. Fortunately I could ~~stipp~~ still operate the typewriter because of habit.

Thursday, 15 March; clear and warmer. I ~~is~~ slept through until noon. Just as we were about to eat breakfast Florence Wiles, daughter of the widow Whipp, came and stood in the open door, refusing all invitations to come in, and talked about the radio, about picking flowers, and other things in a high shrill voice while the house got cold. I went back to my room to shave, and still the rasping voice went on, the door was open, and the house was getting frigid. After more minutes my patience gave out and I called to my wife, "either come in or go out; close that door. The house was nice and warm; now it is cold. Close that door." The visitor took the hint and left. The two women had stood there repeating over and over the same things for a full ten minutes. Lewis came up for the clover seed. I took chains off the sedan. Tried to do some typewriting, but could barely see and gave it up.

Friday, 16 March; clear and warm. I sowed two pounds of sweet clover seed on the patch below the peonies. Wrote some letters and then a new will, but with difficulty because I was nearly blind.

Saturday, 17 March; hazy and warm. Up earlier than usual and took wife to town and among other things got the new reading glasses. Disappointed in them because I could read only the larger headlines and, of course, could not use them to read signs. Discovered that I could not distinguish the colored traffic lights and the only way I could judge was by watching other cars when they stopped or started. Did not feel like doing anything after we returned and I laid down most of the day.

(Will, 17 March, brown folder). ~~omit~~

17 March 1934.

"Last Will and Testament
of
Leon M. Estabrook.

"With each material change in the conditions and relationships of my life I have given thought to the disposition of such property as I might leave at the time of my death and have made a will for the guidance of those who come after. Such a change has occurred within the last two years, and I therefore cancel all former wills and make this new one.

"I have a strong feeling that upon the death of any person his property should be divided among those, and those only, who have helped him acquire that property or contributed materially to his happiness and wellbeing. At the present time I have only three relatives who have done this for me, namely, my mother, Mrs. John Otis Estabrook, of Frederick County, Maryland; my wife, Mrs. Leon M. Estabrook, who is living with me in Frederick County, Maryland; and my sister, Mrs. Nellie M. Winchester, of Frederick County, Maryland.

x x x x (Omit provisions for division of property and appointment of administrators, etc.)

"And now, my dears, and all my friends, in anticipation of the time when consciousness in this body of mine shall have ceased, I will say Good bye, adios, vaya con deos, a reverderci, and auf wiedersehen, and good luck. The law of life is perpetual change and that is what makes it so interesting. The inevitable change that is ~~coming~~ commonly called death is about to come to me as it is to you and all living things. I welcome it because I have already lived longer than I had expected or intended. Neither I nor you asked to be born into this world. I as well as you have simply tried to make the best of it. We know that the materials of our bodies ^{are} ~~is~~ immortal and simply change ^{their} ~~its~~ form. But we do not know what becomes of the spirit and conscious-

ness associated with the organized materials of our bodies. We hope that the spirit and conscious identity and memory will survive the great change, but it is only a hope because from all those who have gone before nothing definite and satisfactory has come to us. Unquestionably hope has given faith to many good people that was a help and a consolation to them, but to me it has always seemed to me that their minds were closed and that they were blind to many obvious considerations quite as convincing as anything they could bring to the support of their faith. I have never had that faith, but I feel that I have been quite as happy and quite as certain of the future and was leading quite as useful and moral a life as they did. I feel that I look to the outcome of the great change which they call death with quite as much confidence and anticipation as they or any other so-called religious people do. To me the change called death means simply one of two things: either complete cessation of consciousness and eternal rest, or a new and conscious life. If it means eternal rest--inasmuch as I always did like to sleep and always had pleasant dreams that were a part of my conscious life--I welcome the prospect of eternal sleep, with or without dreams.

"If the great change does not mean eternal sleep, then it must mean some new form of life. If so, I welcome that and will hope to make as good a showing in the new life as in the old one. At any rate, I have long been ready and waiting for it, especially since my eyesight has failed until I am nearly blind.

"And so, my dears, I want you to think of me as going to the inevitable change cheerfully, light-heartedly, and gladly, full of curiosity as to the future, but with absolute confidence that it means rest or a bright future. If it means rest only, then you too will soon enjoy that rest. If it means renewed life with conscious

~~memory~~ ^{memory}

memory of this life, then we shall soon meet again and enjoy many a laugh at the funny things that happened in this life and how foolish we were about many things. As for you, I have forgotten about all the momentary stresses and strains, the little spats and irritations, that were so human and so unimportant, and I remember only your smiles, good humor, helpfulness and loving kindness that made life worth living. I hope that you and others can think of me in the same way.

"Now as to the funeral, because I suppose there will have to be one. That is entirely your affair, because after the great change I will not care. I have always favored cremation and would like to think now that my ashes would be scattered over Observatory Hill²--but that is too expensive, and I no longer care. I wish my funeral to be as simple and inexpensive as possible and to be buried in my lot near father's in the cemetery at Frederick. I can sleep as peacefully in my grave as my ancestors before me have slept.

"All my life I have hated solemnity and gloom and loved light and cheerfulness. I would therefore hope that those who follow me to my last resting place will do so cheerfully and joyously. If I had my way I would decree that all the automobiles should be decorated with bright flowers and that those who took part in the proceedings would wear their holiday clothes and go to the cemetery in the same good spirits as a group of friends go to a ship to say 'bon voyage' to one of their number who is about to sail away on a wonderful voyage of discovery. I would like to have them make of it a picnic rather than a funeral, and to think of the departed as having fearlessly, cheerfully, and gladly reached the end of his life on this earth, quite ready for and a little curious about what comes after--rest forever or a new life--knowing that it will be what it will be

regardless of what people think, believe, say, do, wish, or hope about it. I assume that after I pass out the funeral will not interest me particularly; it's your affair, so do just as you please about it.

"If there is any money left in the pot to pay for it a flat stone might be set up at the grave with the following inscription:

"Leon M. Estabrook
lived and worked
1869--19__
with fairies and friends,
loving all things
beautiful.

"Greatest and most precious of all things in human life and experience is love--and that I leave to each and all of you.

x x x x

(1934, March, S.H.)

E-4863

Sunday, 18 March; blustery and warm. Got up late. Spent two hours with mother and sister at Winworth. Eunice and Charlie were there also. Last night wife read to me "Hay Fever" by Conrad, which is bright and entertaining. She is a very good reader. Tried to do some typewriting in the afternoon with the aid of a magnifying glass but it is slow work

Monday, 19 March; cloudy and cold. Slept until after 11 a.m. Got the mail but could not read anything even with magnifying glass. With a magnifying glass I could still recognize a single shorthand character or a single printed letter, but no more than one. This ~~mean~~ meant that in trying to read print I had to spell out each word letter by letter. It was a strange experience and a painful one for a person who for many years had been blessed with a photographic vision and could take in a whole paragraph or half a page at a single swift glance. It was especially discouraging to one who for more than fifty years had spent most of his spare time in reading. Because of this the future looked blank.

Tuesday, 20 March; snow during the night; clear and warmer. Went to town for various things. Bought a pair of eye glasses at the ten cent store that were just as good as the expensive pair I got from the oculist last week. Received notice that the fire insurance on the farm buildings would expire next month and the premium for three years would be \$167. Wrote the company to find out how much it would be for one year. The only way to finance it would be to hold back the tax money on the Washington property until after the wheat is sold and pay one percent penalty per month.

Wednesday, 21 March; clear and warm. Read the mail with two pairs of glasses, one over the other. Cleaned up the woodpile and the terrace next to the Cricket House. Spent the rest of the day figuring on my financial situation and possible way out.

(1934, March, S.H.)

E--4864

Thursday, 22 March; cloudy, cold, light snow. Walker Chapman came out shortly after noon. He thought there would be an opening in his office next month ^{for Otis} if we could finance his return from California. Had a note from Mr. Houck regarding a horse. The first crocus bloomed yesterday. A very gloomy day.

Friday, 23 March; blustery last night and snowing today. Up late. House cold and took several hours to get up steam. Water pipes frozen. Wife got the mail in the afternoon. Disgusted with blizzard weather. We have already had six months of winter which is entirely too much for this latitude. Fuel supply nearly exhausted.

Saturday, 24 March; snowing last night and today. Wife and I slept until noon. At 3 p.m. I walked through the heavy snow to the mail box. Subscription to the Washington Star expired and I decided not to renew it. Spent the afternoon writing letters. Mother called up to congratulate me on my 65th birthday. I suggested that it was more important to her than to me.

(Taylor, 24 March, brown folder) ✓

(Longobardi, same. *omit*)

(Memo.: "65 Years Old--or Young," - ~~not~~ published.) ✓

24 March 1934.

"Dr.H.C.Taylor,
U.S.Delegate,
International Institute of Agriculture,
Rome.

"Dear Dr. Taylor:

"Greetings. We last met at the Farm Hands luncheon about a year ago and separated with the understanding that you were to run up to Sunny Hill the following Sunday. No doubt you were prevented, which I regretted. The next word I had of you was the notice of your appointment. I was much pleased to know of your appointment rather than any one of a number of candidates, and I ~~z~~ sincerely wish you every success.

"I had expected to write you long before this, but during the last year or two I have been so absorbed in writing that I have neglected all correspondence.

"Early this month I received a communication from Mrs.Ware of the American Committee transmitting a copy of your memorandum concerning a proposed 'Handbook of Agricultural Planning,' and requesting an expression of opinion. I did so in a memorandum which no doubt will be forwarded to you. In it I expressed two opposing views: One, that 'planning' is logically unassailable and will have a universal appeal, especially as planning is now the order of the day, and that you have picked a winner. The other, my instinctive feeling, based on considerable study and exhaustive observation, that all planning for agriculture by governmental officials is, or has been, futile and disappointing, unless it is backed up by military force and coercion--as in Russia and Italy, or the equivalent of military force in the form of extreme financial necessity where the only choice is between absolute bankruptcy or cooperation, as in the case of the early history of the California fruit growers. Because of these two opposing

views--logical unassailability of the idea of intelligent planning, and the futility of governmental planning without military or financial coercion, I would discourage the proposal for a handbook of planning to be prepared by the Institute; but if the idea were adopted by the General Assembly, as it probably will be because of its appeal, I would support it without reserve, because after a decision is reached and a handbook is to be issued I would want it to be the best possible handbook, and there are many obviously good arguments in favor of such a handbook.

"In the last batch of notices that came to me from the Institute, ^aagenda for the March meeting of the Permanent Committee, are two papers^r that interest me greatly. Note No.3, relating to the elaboration and publication^o of the world agricultural census material. Here is a perfectly definite project of fundamental importance to all countries, perhaps the most important the Institute has ever undertaken. The initial pioneer work was done, and done well, and for the first time in history all countries that were financially able took an agricultural census and took them in the same year and in such a way that the essential data are comparable. And yet the Institute has been so handicapped in various ways that but little has been done with the results of that census. Now, the important results of this first attempt at a universal agricultural census were not the numerical data we hoped to get, because they would necessarily be incomplete and inaccurate, but in establishing a precedent of international cooperation in taking the census the same year and according to the same general plan, in the hope that it would lead to a succession of periodic censuses for all time to come, when the data might become more complete, accurate, and satisfactory with the perfection of methods in the light of experience. It is this phase of the census project that appeals to me most strongly and that makes me feel that it is still the out-

views--logical unavailability of the idea of intelligent planning, and the utility of governmental planning without military or financial coercion, I would discourage the proposal for a handbook of planning to be prepared by the Institute; but if the idea were adopted by the General Assembly, as it probably will be because of its appeal, I would support it without reserve, because after a decision is reached and a handbook is to be issued I would want it to be the best possible handbook, and there are many obviously good reasons in favor of such a handbook.

"In the last batch of notices that came to me from the Institute, a number for the March meeting of the Permanent Committee, are two papers that interest me greatly. Note No. 3, relating to the elaboration and publication of the world agricultural census material. There is a perfectly definite project of fundamental importance to all countries, perhaps the most important the Institute has ever undertaken. The initial pioneer work was done, and done well, and for the first time in history all countries that were financially able took an agricultural census and took them in the same year and in such a way that the essential data are comparable. And yet the Institute has been so handicapped in various ways that but little has been done with the results of that census. Now, the important results of this first attempt at a universal agricultural census were not the numerical data we hoped to get, because they would necessarily be incomplete and inaccurate, but in establishing a precedent of international cooperation in taking the census the same year and according to the same general plan, in the hope that it would lead to a succession of periodic censuses for all time to come, when the data might become more complete, accurate, and satisfactory with the perfection of methods in the light of experience. It is this phase of the census project that appeals to me most strongly and that makes me feel that it is still the only

standing and most important project of the Institute and that every effort and every necessary sacrifice should be made to carry it to successful completion. The project should be stressed above all others at the next meeting of the General Assembly in connection with the census of 1939-40, because time is slipping by and it takes time to get action in and through the Institute. An isolated census can have but little value in itself, but a series of periodic censuses becomes increasingly valuable. I hope therefore that you will do all in your power to win support for the project.

"The second paper that attracted my attention was Introductory Note No.2, relating to a proposed study of the economic changes in agriculture due to the depression. Very good and sounds well; but I wonder if the Institute is in a position to undertake such a study, and whether the results of such a study, no matter how successful and interesting, would be at all comparable to the results that might be obtained from prosecuting effectively the perfectly definite and fundamentally important, but much neglected, census project. It's just these beautiful, appealing, and highly interesting schemes that dissipate the resources and energies of the Institute, and the ambitious programs that look so well on paper and inspire so much futile discussion, while work of real value remains to be done and completed. If my judgment and advice to the Institute were of any value it could all be expressed by one word and that word would be 'Concentrate,' concentrate on one or a few projects. That one word would eliminate all dreams and beautiful chimerical schemes of doubtful value.

"Here in U.S.A. we are living through a most interesting period, an experimental period. The New Deal & has adopted 'planning' with all the enthusiasm of Soviet Russia, and the N.R.A. is Fascism in modified form. The taxpayer's money of this and coming generations

is being spent on wierd projects futilely and with all the abandon of a drunken sailor. The G.O.P. will have a picnic and an Indian war dance in 1936, and the Brain Trust will seek seclusion, even as Brother Molay. It's all mighty interesting and you probably miss ninety per cent of it because the Italian press will have very little to say about it, and by the time papers from the U.S.A. reach you the whole situation will have changed.

"Purely aside: A recent issue of the 'Pathfinder' contained a column of interest from several points of view. The writer pointed out that a correlation of average mean temperatures with Republican and Democratic administrations in this country, as could be verified by any one who consulted the data set forth in the World Almanac, disclosed that Republican temperatures averaged two degrees higher than those of Democratic administrations, and this through a long series of years and every day in the year. The first and second administrations of Cleveland, and of Wilson and Roosevelt (Franklin D.) were characterized by extreme cold. The writer disclaimed all partisan bias, referring doubters to the cold nonpartisan figures, and citing the present winter as an example. It is difficult for the oldest inhabitant to remember such a winter. We have already had six months of winter and for the last twenty-four hours it has been snowing as if winter were just beginning. It's all wonderfully beautiful, but damned cold and inconvenient. It makes me think seriously of changing my base to the Gulf coast. Anyhow, I thought you would be interested in the politico-thermometrical correlation, assuming that you are a mild Republican, as I am.

"I am sure that you have been helped in various ways by Mr. Longobardi and I hope that you appreciate him. He is so modest that one may appreciate him as a friendly and useful individual a long time before he realizes his true worth. One can readily appreciate him

is being spent on wild protests futilely and with all the abandon
 of a drunken sailor. The G.O.P. will have a picnic and an Indian
 war dance in 1936, and the Great Trust will seek reelection, even as
 Brother Moley. It's all mighty interesting and you probably miss
 ninety per cent of it because the Italian press will have very little
 to say about it, and by the time papers from the U.S.A. reach you
 the whole situation will have changed.

"Briefly added: A recent issue of the 'Fathinder' contained a
 column of interest from several points of view. The writer pointed
 out that a correlation of average mean temperatures with Republican
 and Democratic administrations in this country, as could be verified
 by any one who consulted the data set forth in the World Almanac,
 disclosed that Republican temperatures averaged two degrees higher
 than those of Democratic administrations, and this through a long
 series of years and every day in the year. The first and second ad-
 ministrations of Cleveland, and of Wilson and Roosevelt (Theodore D.)
 were characterized by extreme cold. The writer disclosed all parti-
 san bias, referring docters to the cold nonpartisan figures, and
 citing the present winter as an example. It is difficult for the
 oldest inhabitant to remember such a winter. We have already had
 six months of winter and for the last twenty-four hours it has been
 snowing as if winter were just beginning. It's all wonderfully beauti-
 ful, but damned cold and inconvenient. It makes me think seriously of
 changing my base to the Gulf coast. Anyhow, I thought you would be in-
 terested in the politico-thermometrical correlation, assuming that
 you are a mild Republican, as I am.

"I am sure that you have been helped in various ways by Mr.
 Longobardi and I hope that you appreciate him. He is so modest that
 one may appreciate him as a friendly and useful individual a long time
 before he realizes his true worth. One can readily appreciate him

as a friendly, intelligent, helpful gentleman. It takes longer association to begin to realize that he is technically qualified as a statistician and economist, as few men in our Bureau of Agricultural Economics are qualified. It takes even longer to realize that he is a gentleman of rare gallantry--gallantry in the sense that for the honor of his family name he assumed financial obligations of his father of staggering proportions and through long years sacrificed all that was worth living for to meet those obligations out of his slender salary and kept the wolf from the door of his aged parents and aunts. From him you would never know that he was cited and decorated for conspicuous bravery during the war. I regard Mr. Longobardi as one of the finest human characters I have ever met. Remember, also, that he is technically qualified, but so modest that one is apt to overlook it. Furthermore, he is one of the best informed men on the staff of the Institute as to its history, organization, personnel, and difficulties. He is the only man on the staff who has both the Latin and Anglo-Saxon point of view. If you already understand and appreciate this, then what I say will simply confirm it. Otherwise, you have something to your advantage to learn.

"Another former employe of the census office is Dr. Salto. He is worth attention and cultivating. He is an Egyptian, a little peculiar, somewhat modest and retiring, but with an interesting history. He is a university graduate, a student and scholar in several languages with a phenomenal memory and an encyclopedic knowledge of many subjects, especially history. He is a good statistician and an indefatigable worker, and intelligent and resourceful enough to undertake all sorts of commissions. He is a very valuable man and worth looking up and utilizing.

"Of course you are in touch with Madame Agresti. I have

attended many international gatherings and have never seen her equal as an interpreter of English, French, and Italian who interprets both the letter and spirit of what is said, plus an indefinable literary excellence quite beyond the average run of ~~im~~professional interpreters. I have always regarded her with the greatest admiration. I am confident that without her the whole Lubin project would have fallen flat in Italy as it did in other countries. It was her wonderful gift of interpretation, her intuition, her enthusiastic support of Lubin's ideas, that put it across, and it was her rare gift of interpretation that sold the idea to both the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin delegates in the years that followed. Please convey to her my greetings and good wishes when next you see her.

"Now, Doctor, we were associated together for a time. I retain interest in all that I have seen or experienced and in the people I have met and worked with. I shall hope for a reply, a reply that will tell me something about the Institute and the personnel of the Institute. Who is your secretary? Something about your problems, and any ~~and~~ details that will enable me to visualize the situation of the Institute and of Rome. Please express to Dr. Van Rijn my warmest regards. All through the troublesome times of my connection with the Institute I regarded him as the most experienced, sanest, and best representative of the Anglo-Saxon point of view on the Permanent Committee. Also give my regards to Messrs. Bilbao of Spain and Brebbia of Argentina. And the Secretary General, Prof. Brizi, who did about all any human being could do in a most difficult situation created by the personal feud between Mr. Hobson and the President and the withdrawal of support by the United States at a most critical time

"Purely personal: Just because this may be my last communication to you, depending on circumstances, I am tempted to say something that may appear entirely irrelevant. The human equation is a curious thing. Somehow I associate you and Mr. ^{Hobson} ~~Houston~~ together. With both of you I have a strong feeling of affiliation, perhaps because of certain common experiences in early life, and we have a certain common view point and similar reactions, and yet I have been both sympathetic and critical--not openly, but latent and always in the background. I have asked myself why, when your reactions and impulses and those of Mr. Hobson were essentially the same as mine. Back of it all are a lot of factors. Then, ~~it~~ too, as I think you will realize, is the influence not only of heredity, habitual opinions, and environment, but the real determining factors of behavior are responsibilities and relations of a public nature, ~~and~~ ideals of public service, and equally important one's domestic situation and private life that are hidden from public view. I suspect that your private life has influenced your public behavior. Profoundly, just as mine has, because I speak from experience, as I presume is the case with all others. That is one factor of difference between men with ~~some~~ of a common background and common reactions to new situations. Another factor is the blind spot in all economists, namely, the stressing of the importance of a college degree, and the ignoring of the importance of emotion and sentiment. If You and all other economists stress these points.

"Well, I have no college degree and may therefore be considered as biassed. I am for a college education and a degree, as much as any one, as a desirable part of the preparatory equipment of any intelligent young man, but I cannot lose sight of the fact that the possession of a college degree is not necessarily evidence of intelligence. It is simply a certificate that a student has completed a prescribed course of study and reached a certain standard in his answers to a set

of questions. If he is by birth and heredity a dunce he remains a dunce, regardless of college degrees paid for by hopeful parents. What is he with a Phd. degree in comparison with the young man who not only makes his own living ^{by} ~~but~~ through pure mental curiosity and interest studies not only all the books prescribed by the college course, but browses far afield and rings circles about that course, and then by practical efficiency in private or public service demonstrates an ability that the Phd. college graduate can never attain to. My personal observation has been that for every Phd. graduate of a college there are literally hundreds of others who are not only far more intelligent but far better educated and equipped, plus experience, common sense, ability, judgment, and efficiency that no college can ever hope to teach, because much of it is inherent in the individual, and that money, education, or influence cannot supply. That's one of the blind spots in the economic program.

"Another blind and vitiating spot in the sacrosanct economic doctrine is the contemptuous condemnation of emotion and sentimentality of humanity at large. I quite realize as fully and completely as any professional economist ~~who ever lived~~ how utterly foolish and futile most emotion and sentimentalism is because it is blind and often misdirected and disastrous in its consequences. But that is no excuse for ignoring it. It is like a fundamental force of nature that cannot be ignored, like fire and steam that can be utilized. Practically all history and civilization results from that force. Whole nations, even the U.S.A., will not hesitate to commit the supreme folly of going to war for God and country, solely as the result of emotion and sentimentality. And so I ^{say} ~~say~~ that economists are supremely blind and stupid when they pretend to ignore emotion. It's the steam that makes things go. In spite of themselves economists recognize this in their efforts to get their paper-drawn schemes adopted

and made effective by the public. My fundamental belief is that about everything in this life is psychological within the limits of certain natural laws or conditions, that psychological conditions are quite as critical and important as natural conditions of human environment, and that much of the failure of the beautiful and perfectly logical planning of economists is wrecked solely because of their selfcomplacent and blissful ignorance of psychological conditions --especially in agriculture.

"Having got that off my chest, I should like to inquire about M.Louis Dop, he of the perennial vocabulary and amiable readiness to speak fluently and appropriately on any given subject, and a rare gift for making complimentary speeches. The Institute owes him a real debt of gratitude for having smoothed over many difficult situations.

"And M. De Vuyst, he of the country culinary obsessions and undue concern about what farmers would do with their leisure. How is he? And Messrs. Dore, Walsh, and Montgomery? I should like to hear what has become of Guidi, majordomo, chief cook and bottle washer of the Casetta--under nourished, physically weak, pallid, ineffectual, and always unfortunate Guidi, but amiable as a spaniel, loyal, and where loyalty was involved quite valliant, as where he pursued, captured, and held captive a man larger than himself who had stolen my overcoat.

"Well, Doctor, this is a rather inadequate but quite human letter in spite of its length. Perhaps you will write a quite human reply in less space.

"With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(over)

and made effective by the public. My fundamental belief is that

Note: Page 4864-i is followed by pages 4864-j to 4864-z7, typed on March 7, 1934, under the title "Sixty-five Years Old--or Young." These 24 pages, typed when this remarkable man was practically blind, probably already but unknowingly suffering from the cancer (throat) that eventually ended his life, and sick at heart and disillusioned by the shabby treatment upon completion of a difficult assignment in the international field, present a brief synopsis of his life story. As such these pages have been stapled together, to be used as an introductory statement.

Chas. E. Gage, reviewer.

--especially in agriculture.

"Having got that off my chest, I should like to inquire about

M. Louis Dore, he of the permanent vocabulary and notable readiness to speak fluently and appropriately on any given subject, and a rare gift for making complimentary speeches. The Institute owes him a real debt of gratitude for having smoothed over many difficult situations.

"And M. De Vuyet, he of the country culinary obsessions and undue concern about what farmers would do with their produce. How in New York, and Kansas, Dore, Walsh, and Montanaro? I should like to hear what has become of Gold, major-domo, chief cook and bottle washer of the Cassette-Wooden household, physically weak, pallid, in effectual, and always unfortunate Gold, but amiable as a general, loyal, and where loyalty was involved quite valiant, as where he returned, captured, and held captive a man far more than himself who had stolen my overcoat.

"Well, Doctor, this is a rather inadequate but quite human letter in spite of its length. Perhaps you will write a quite human reply in less space.

"With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.